

High
Colored Dress Goods
The special lots offered by us for the coming week are sure of a speedy sale. Of course, these are but a few of the many things worthy of attention, as our stock comprises every thing worth having and everything made in stylish Dress Goods.
We are selling next week 100 pieces Novelty Dress Fabrics in all the new weaves, Crepons, Brocades, Checks, two-toned, and Iridescent. They are worth \$1.50 anywhere and everywhere.
49 pieces 46-inch Checks and broken Plaids, stylish for tailor gowns. A regular \$1.25 value.
Silk finished Colored Crepons, 44 inches wide, beautiful shades and worthy of inspection.
Stylish two-toned Crepons, Checks and Novelties, worth 85c.
We will place on sale tomorrow and continue until sold 129 pieces all-wool Serges, Henriettas, Check Novelties, Crepons, Broche Fancies, Diagonals, Cheviots and a most wonderful collection of the season's choicest fabrics, worth fully 75c. Absolutely the best Dress Goods bargain ever given to the trade.
53 pieces Illuminated Checks, very swell for street wear, worth 50c all over town.
97 pieces Cheviots, Fancies and plain Serges and Henriettas, not a piece in lot worth less than 35c per yard.
40-inch Novelty Fancies, a lovely style, and worth 50c a yard.
Novelty Suits.
The magnificent line of Imported Novelty Pattern Suits shown by us this season are exclusive and represent the highest order of Dress Goods known to the trade. You can be sure of getting the correct thing here. No counterparts in the cheaper weaves and no duplicates. A gorgeous collection of Parisian Novelties in Crepe and Grenadine effects.
Dressmaking.
A well-fitting and stylish dress is what every lady wants. We have right here in Atlanta the finest artist in this line in this country. Employing the highest order of talent in every branch of this department, we unhesitatingly say that a more elegant, stylish or better fitting dress can not be turned out anywhere. Estimates made on suits complete and from goods purchased only at our store. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance.
Dress Trimmings.
Recent deliveries per express of fine Jets, Iridescent, Ornaments and Nets perfects this grand assortment. Any and all styles Ornaments and Trimmings are shown here.
Black Dress Goods
We have anticipated the demand and are showing the most comprehensive line of up-to-date Black Goods ever brought south.
21 pieces 44-inch Black Crepons, 69c, worth \$1.25
12 pieces 46-inch Black French Crepons,
\$1, worth \$1.50

High
19 pieces 40-inch Black Crepon, 59c, worth 85c
50 other styles in Black Crepons, prices from
\$1.25 to \$4.50 Yard
27 pieces 48-inch all-wool Black Henrietta, a great leader it will be 39c, worth 63c
46 pieces all-wool Black English Serge, 29c, worth 49c
17 pieces 48-inch all-wool silk finished Black Henrietta, the dollar sort, At 59c
Ask to see; 32 pieces opera shades and black Crepon, a lovely goods it is, 59c, the 89c kind
The Crepon weaves in fine Black Dress Goods Novelties are high toned, elegant and exclusive. A royal lot of them are shown by us.
Silks.
All the very latest styles Silks for suits. Silks for Skirts. Silks for Waists. An aggregation second to none. This department is exceedingly popular just now. We are selling tomorrow:
61 pieces colored striped Flisse Silk, worth 69c.
93 pieces striped Marchioness Silk, very stylish for waists, worth 89c.
100 pieces figured Black Taffetas, plain satin and colored figured Taffetas, worth \$1.00.
A lot of figured Taffetas for waists, worth \$1.25.
Special lot of colored figured Taffeta Silks, new and choice patterns, worth \$1.39.
90 pieces check Wash Silks, Taffeta effects, easily worth 59c.
15 pieces Gansre Evening Crepes, very pretty for waists and evening costumes.
100 Manufacturers coupons fine Black Silks and Satins, all the best grades in lengths of 9 3/4 to 17 1/2 yards, to go at 50c on the dollar.
Linens.
Buy Linens of us tomorrow and the coming week at a clean saving to you of 25 per cent on every purchase.
We are selling:
112 dozen extra large size H. S. Huck and Tied Fringe Damask Towels, worth 35c.
Only 19c Each
20 dozen Sideboard and Buffet Scarfs, easily worth 50c.
Only 25c Each
17 pieces 70-inch bleached Satin Table Damask, a regular \$1.00 grade.
Only 75c Yard
91 8-4 Chenille Table Covers, double fringe, worth \$4.00. Sold in Linen Department Monday
At \$2.25 Each
41 rolls Crash Toweling, 5c Yard
90 dozen 3/4 book fold Damask Bleached Napkins, worth \$1.50, special
At \$1.00 a Dozen
57 dozen large size Bleached Doylies, worth 75c everywhere.
Monday 59c Dozen
100 Marseilles pattern Counterpanes, worth \$1.50, will be a big leader
At \$1.00 Each
White Goods.
Our prices govern the people.
79 bolts Imperial Long Cloth, 12 yards in bolt, worth 20c yard, sold Monday
At \$1.50 per bolt.

High
900 yards white check Dimities worth 30c truly,
Special at 20c yard.
2,900 yards checked Nainsook and striped Lawns, regular 8 1/4c and 10c sort,
Monday 5c yard.
700 yards India Linen, selling price 15c and 17 1/2c,
Special at 10c yard.
French Wash Fabrics.
147 pieces French Figured Organdies,
Selling at 35c.
110 pieces French Figured Dimities, worth 40c,
Selling at 23c.
2,000 yards solid Crepons, worth 35c,
Selling at 19c.
90 pieces Swivel Silk or Silk Ginghams,
Selling at 49c.
50 pieces Figured Piques, worth 25c,
Selling at 12 1/2c.
27 pieces Figured Crepe Novelties, worth 20c,
Selling at 12 1/2c.
Notions.
High's prices on everything is low.
Whalebone 5c bunch.
Good Dress Shields 5c pair.
Whalebone Casing 2c yard.
Good Basting Cotton 1c spool.
Cotton Elastic, good quality, 2 1/2c yard.
Fine Silk Elastic 25c yard.
Best Darning Cotton 2 1/2c ball.
Hair Curlers, 3 sizes, 5c each.
American Pins, full count, 1c paper.
Best English Pins 2 1/2c paper.
Pearl Dress Buttons 5c dozen.
40c Steel Scissors 19c pair.
Gent's Furnishings.
Compare our prices—that is the test.
130 dozen India Gauze Shirts, big value they would be at 50c,
Special at 33 1/2c.
60 dozen Gents' White French Lisle Shirts, worth \$1.00,
Special at 50c.
90 dozen Gents' Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, 50c is the price everywhere,
Special at 25c.
Negligee laundered Shirts, made of French cheviot, fast colors, worth \$1.25,
Special at 73c.
100 dozen Gents' washable Four-in-Hand Ties, sold by clothing and furnishing stores at 25c,
Our price 19c.
51 dozen Gents' embroidered Night Shirts, \$1.00 value,
Special at 50c.
175 dozen Gents' unlaundered Shirts, Crown brand, made of best 1900 linen bosom and bands, Utica nonpareil muslin, reinforced back and front, patent yoke, hand-worked button holes, a \$1.00 value, sold by us
At 50c each.
Hosiery.
350 dozen Ladies, Gentlemen, Childrens and Infants' new Tan Hose and Half Hose, ribbed, drop stitch and plain,
25c or 6 pairs \$1.35.
200 dozen Ladies' good quality, warranted stainless dye Hose, double soles, heels and toes,
5 pairs for \$1.00.
37 dozen Misses' black silk Stockings, 6, 6 1/2, 7 and 7 1/2 only, worth \$1.00,
At 50c pair.
100 dozen Ladies' black, drop stitch lisle thread Hose
At 25c pair.
Shawknit Sox, no dye or seams,
15c pair.

High
Handkerchiefs.
100 dozen Ladies' H. S. and embroidered Handkerchiefs, nice quality, worth 20c, will be sold tomorrow
At 10c each.
Big lot Ladies all linen Initial and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, easily worth 35c will be yours
At 15c each.
Laces.
3,000 yards Cream, Beige and Ecru, Guipure DeDene Laces, worth from 25c to 40c a yard, Monday
10c yard.
Embroideries.
We will place on sale Monday morning, at 9 o'clock, 297 pieces fine Embroideries, Mull, Cambric and Hamburg, worth all the way from 15c to 60c a yard, at the price of
10c per yard
Art Department.
We will sell in this department tomorrow 50 large-size Sofa Pillows, nicely covered, and worth \$1,
At 49c each
Umbrellas and Parasols
Our new line just opened—some beauties, too. All the late styles, in close rolls and Dresden handles. Novelties in Crepe and Brocade Silk Parasols, lovely shades, selling tomorrow:
171 26-inch Gloria Silk Sun Shades, Dresden handles, close roll, worth \$2.75,
At only \$1.09 each
SHOES.
It is not worth your time to buy shoddy Shoes. You should know when you are selecting them whether or not they will give you satisfaction in wear. High's Shoes will meet all the requirements.
500 pairs Ladies' Dongola Oxfords, 39c pair.
400 pairs Ladies' Strap Slippers, at 75c pair.
Ladies' Tan Oxfords, at \$1.00, worth \$1.50.
Ladies' Hand-turned Oxfords, patent tips, \$1.25.
Ladies' Cloth Top Oxfords, pointed and square toe, patent tip, worth \$2.25, at \$1.50.
Ladies' bright Dongola 3-button Oxfords, pointed toe, worth \$2.50, at \$1.75.
Ladies' Dongola Kid Button Boots, patent tip, worth \$3.00, at \$2.00.
Men's Tan Bals. opera toe at \$2.00, worth \$3.00.
Men's Tan Bals. hand sewed, worth \$4.00, at \$3.00.
A mammoth stock of Shoes for the little folks, all styles.
Boys' Clothing.
A POINTER TO PARENTS.
Avoid the Easter rush. Extra good value from a complete assortment.
Boys' Suits at \$2, ages 4 to 14.
Boys' Suits, wool, double seats and knees, at \$2.50. Every garment guaranteed.
Boys' Suits in Scotch Cheviots, in dark and medium mixtures, at \$3.
Boys' elegant blue Cheviots and Thibets, black Clay Diagonals, and other staple fabrics, with double seats, elbows and knees, never sold less than \$6.50, at \$4.98.
500 new and elegant Elbe Suits at 49c.
A complete line of Linen Duck Suits at \$1.50 and \$2, worth double.
500 pairs of Boys' Pants, sizes 3 to 15, at 25c pair, Monday only.

High
Capes, Skirts and Waists.
It will be decidedly to your interest to inspect this mammoth line.
Ladies' black Satin Shirt Waists, large sleeves, pointed yoke back,
Special 50c
Ladies' Percale Shirt Waists, striped and polka dot, pointed yoke,
Special 69c
Ladies' fine Wash Silk Shirt Waists, large full sleeves,
Special \$2.75
Ladies' changeable Taffeta Silk Waists, nicely finished, worth \$7,
Special \$4.90
Ladies' black Satin and black Crepon Dress Skirts, plaited back, full sweep, worth \$12.50,
Special \$7.50
New lot of Ladies' fine Silk and Wool Crepon Skirts, extra wide, Silk lined, worth \$30,
Special \$22.50
Ladies' Berlin made black and tan Cloth Capes, nicely braided, worth \$7,
Special \$4.00
Ladies' black Silk and Satin Capes, late style, colored Silk lining, worth \$20,
Special \$12.50
500 Ladies' light and dark Percale and Outing Cloth House Wrappers, easily worth \$1.50 and \$1.75,
Special 98c
Muslin . . . UNDERWEAR and CORSETS
Our line of Corsets embrace all the very best makes.
AT 50c—We are selling the best Corset on earth for this money.
Full and complete stock of J. B. P. D., Thompson's Glove-Fitting, Warner's R. & G. and the leading styles.
AT \$1.00—A lot of Ladies' Cambric Gowns, nicely trimmed and worth \$1.75 each.
AT 25c—A lot of Ladies' Drawers, plain hem and cluster tucks, cambric ruffle, worth 50c.
AT 25c—A lot of Ladies' Chemises, plain and trimmed, worth 50c.
Millinery.
Smart buyers tell us that our display of Artistic Millinery eclipses anything in Atlanta. The fine French Pattern Hats and Dutch Bonnets shown by us are marvels of beauty, and together with the magnificent production of our own workrooms, go to make up altogether the grandest Millinery Parlor in the South.
Wash Fabrics.
SECOND FLOOR.
GINGHAMS.
5,000 yards dark Dress Ginghams, the regular 7 1/2c sort,
Monday 3 1-2c Yard
4,000 yards 9c Ginghams, selling
Monday 4 1-2c
3,500 yards 10c Dress Ginghams, selling
Monday 5c
3,250 yards new spring styles Dress Ginghams, easily worth 10c, selling
Monday 5 3-4c
3,600 yards Toile du Nord Ginghams, worth 12 1/2c, selling
Monday 7 1-2c
2,800 yards French Ginghams, stylish patterns, worth 10c, selling
Monday 10c
3,000 yards French Zephyr Ginghams, well worth 25c, selling
Monday 15c
FIGURED DIMITIES.
3,000 yards Figured Dimities, worth 10c, will go Monday
6 1-2c a Yard

High
CALICOES.
2 cases standard Dress Calicoes, worth 7c everywhere,
Monday 4c Yard
COTTON OUTINGS.
3,900 yards Striped Cotton Outings, worth 8 and 10c, selling
Monday 3 1/2c
PERCALES.
4,000 yards yard-wide French Percales, worth 12 1/2c, selling
Monday 7 1/2c yard
FIGURED BATISTE.
3,300 yards Figured Batiste and Lawns, worth 10c, selling
Monday 5c
3,200 yards Figured Batiste, late style, worth 12 1/2c, selling
Monday 8 1/2c
COTTON DUCK.
2,500 yards Polka Dot Cotton Duck, worth 10c, selling
Monday 5c
CROCKERY DEPARTMENT
Basement.
Just opened full line Easter Novelties. Seasonable goods for this most beautiful day of days.
Our Art Rooms never looked more charming, all being rearranged and entirely new. Having purchased an entire line of Cut Glass and Art Bric-a-Brac, all free hand work by a noted American decorator, your inspection of these rooms will repay you to come hundreds of miles to see. The prices on this purchase are fully 25 per cent lower than regular, and this is the only opportunity to secure a priceless piece for a little money.
Our stock of Tulip Bud and Rose Vases for Easter was never so complete. Over 100 styles to select from.
The only original Trilby Vase we have. No one else has it, say what they may. Our price is 25c each. Remember this.
For a little flyer in this department on Monday will sell you 112 piece Dinner Set handsomely decorated, your choice of two decorations, regular price \$15.00, at just half price, \$7.50, for one hour only—between 10 and 11 o'clock a. m.
CROCKERY DEPARTMENT
Basement.
Toilet Articles.
Buttermilk Complexion Soap, 3 cakes to box, for 19c.
75 bottles of Bay Rum, regular price 50c, to sell for 25c.
25 different odors of Extract, sell everywhere 50c ounce, our price 19c ounce.
Stationery.
Just received 500 pounds of pure Irish Linen Paper, commercial note size, 5 quires to pound, for 19c.
New style Linen Paper, all colors, 21c box.
Jewelry Department.
Novelties in Sterling Silver for Easter 49c and 75c.
Latest styles in Belt Buckles 15c and 25c.
Ladies' and Gents' link and plain Cuff Buttons 25c.
Sterling Silver Hairpins, worth \$2, for \$1.39.
Sterling Silver link Bracelets, \$1.25 up to \$3.

High
Carpets, Mattings, Etc., Etc.
25 pieces Moquette Carpets, with borders, this week only 90c a yard.
32 pieces Body Brussels, some special things here at 85c a yard.
50 pieces Tapestry Brussels Carpet, this week only 69c a yard.
5,000 yards All-Wool Ingrain Carpets for Monday and Tuesday only, at 45c a yard.
20 rolls of 2-ply Ingrain Carpets, the 35c kind here at 25c a yard.
150 rolls Fancy China Matting, the only line in town at \$4.00 a roll.
75 rolls Inlaid Japanese Mattings for Monday only, at 15c a yard by the roll.
Our Drapery Department is full of new and artistic Drapery Stuff and our work is all done by the most skillful artist in the South.
For Lace Curtains you must see us. We are the largest dealers in the South and guarantee a saving of 25 per cent in this line.
Awnings.
Remember we are headquarters for Awnings, with a complete line of all styles. Let us make you estimates.

Easter Sales open Monday at
37 Whitehall Street.

E. M. BASS & CO.

EASTER

Dress Goods.

At 10c, worth 35c

Atlantic Cashmeres, fancy Chevrons, Diagonals and Fancy Suitings, in black and colors,

At 25c, worth 40c

All wool Habit Cloths, Check Mixtures, Armure Royal and Imperial Suitings, in black and colors,

At 30c, worth 60c

All wool Imperial Serges, Tailor Serges, Henriettes, fancy Bairritz Cloth, Tweed Suitings and fancy Silk and Wool Mixtures, in black and colors,

At 40c, worth 80c

All wool Crepons, French Crepe Taffetas, all wool Tamise Tweed Suitings, Silk and Wool Checks, all Wool, all Wool Shepherd Plaids and fancy Jacquards, in black, evening shades and fancy spring colors,

At 50c, worth \$1.25

48-inch Silk finished Henriettes,

At 80c, worth \$1.50

All wool Crepons, Silk finished Crepons, fancy Novelty Suitings, fine Silk and Wool Mixtures and fancy Jacquards in all colors and black,

REMEMBER, we buy and sell strictly for cash. We can and will sell cheaper than our competitors. We will not be undersold by any one. Should other merchants advertise something less than our quotations, come to us and buy the article for still less. New goods arriving daily to meet the great rush at

E. M. BASS & CO.,

37 WHITEHALL ST.

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

with a view to proper sanitation and ventilation. Every detail will be wholesome as well as attractive. The model kitchen, using gas, another electricity, will have all utensils of the latest design. Mr. Alkinson will send his Aladdin oven, which is properly named, for it is one of the wonders of the age. A dining room, complete in all its arrangements, both for utility and ornament. All during the exposition the working of these things will be clearly shown, and short talks by eminent and thoughtful women will explain theories put into practice. Mrs. Cox declares that she intends to make every inch of the space teach the women visitors to the exposition lessons in practical everyday life, and, if possible, lighten the labor of the housekeeper and hired girl. There will be special lectures on the servant problem, and Mrs. Cox hopes that by an aggregation of ideas on this subject to elucidate somewhat this most vexed question. The adulteration of food will come in for its share of attention, and pure food exhibits will be held to help and care of infants and children, the duties and responsibilities of wife, mother and daughter will be considered in these lectures, and, in fact, everything appertaining to the home, which is the center and source of domestic, as well as political economy. In the attempt to combine the best of the best work of women we surely cannot forget her as an angel of mercy, "as the ministering spirit to the poor, the sick and suffering," the charities, the hospital committee, of which Miss Nellie Peters Black is chairman, will attempt to gather together a record of women's work in the various charitable institutions of the world. To this end they invite correspondence with the secretaries of such organizations in order to secure pamphlets, descriptive of their respective work, and pictures framed on the building to be hung on the wall space allotted to this committee. In addition to these rooms, the various training schools for nurses shall prepare a doll twelve inches high, dressed exactly in the costume of their respective hospital for exhibition. Two emergency hospital rooms have been prepared in the basement of our building, where every applicant will be provided to care for such persons, both male and female, who may receive injuries or be taken suddenly ill within the grounds during the progress of the exposition. Special nurses will be in attendance in their regular nurses' costume and we feel that many valuable lives may be saved and much suffering averted through the efforts of this committee. All the costs and other appliances used in these rooms, which we hope to have donated, will be given to the children's ward of the Grady hospital after the close of the exposition.

The work of the ways and means committee and the finance committee cannot be told in detail, but great credit of success so far attained has been due to the work of these committees under the direction of their respective chairmen, Mrs. Hagan and Mrs. W. G. Raul. These committees have acted in unison with the executive committee in the vital work of preparing the groundwork for what is to come, the other things, the great endeavor and whose purposes have been chronicled have most of their work in the future. There is one committee whose work is just, present and future—a committee that can in all modesty be mentioned here. To the press committee falls the task of keeping the outside world in touch with what is going on in the great endeavor to be done. The local members are receiving the active aid of a number of prominent press women throughout the country. When the exposition is here, a committee, a bright, costly furnished press room in the woman's building, where every woman journalist will find a welcome. There she

will have right materials ready to her hand and will be able to secure all the information of the exposition department which she can desire. "Newspaper day" will be celebrated by the presence of prominent newspaper women from all over the country, who will be entertained during their stay in Atlanta free of expense.

From the general review of this interesting subject it is easy to imagine the scope of the work which the women have undertaken; and that every aim of their hearts will be achieved cannot be doubted. The exposition not only affords an opportunity for the indomitable energy and their cheerful determination to make the woman's department a success, but it is a really great achievement—an inspiration, an education and a monument to the progress and intelligence of their sex.

The woman's edition of The Columbus Enquirer-Sun, which was issued some ten days ago for the benefit of the Muscogee exhibit, was an unusually bright and well arranged paper. The reading matter was excellent, and from the numerous advertisements, which it was supposed must be a goodly sum was realized.

Mrs. Craven Osborne was the editor in chief of this edition, and in her editorial she gives a clear and concise summary of the new south. We want to exhibit her very best handiwork, and he it said, we want only the very best work of the women of this community—the work in all its phases, which would, if put on sale, bring a high marketable value. In china painting, in linen embroideries and drawn work, in all the applications of the needle, the woman's work and ought to be taken because of that. It must have the merit of being the very best work of its kind, for the day has gone by when a poor article will pass muster because of its feminine origin.

NEWS AND GOSSIP
OF THE WEEK LOCALLY.

The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Mandolin Club, pupils of Mr. William O. Barnwell, held their fifth meeting Friday evening at the residence of Mrs. H. C. Jackson, 32 Peachtree street. Those present besides the club were: Miss Traynor, of Tennessee; Miss Lelia Wing, Miss Julia Porter, Miss May Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bell, Mr. Joseph Menko, Mr. Howell Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Porter, Mr. Stanley, of New York. The programme is given below: "Pachelbel"—The Club. Vocal Solo—Mr. Stanley. "Angels' Serenade." Bragg-Pollitzer (two mandolins and piano)—Miss Menko and Mr. R. Jackson. "The Mandolins"—The Club. Serenade—The Club. Dances—Miss Mary Lou Jackson. "Military Schottische"—The Club. "Mazurka de Concert." Silvestri (two mandolins and piano)—Miss Menko and Mr. Howell Jackson. Vocal solo, "Serenade." Graben-Hoffman—Mr. Stanley. Mandolin and piano, (a) "Intermezzo Sinfonico," Mascagni; (b) "Au Printemps," Massenet. The club was delightfully entertained and the music was highly enjoyable.

Mrs. Nathan A. Brown, who has been absent from the city for several months, has returned and will be at home to her many friends at 62 West Peachtree.

On the night of the 28th, a quiet wedding, witnessed by a few friends, took place at 115 Powers street. Mr. J. H. Steinhart was united in marriage to Miss Octave Morris, Rev. D. V. Stephens, D. D., officiating. The attendants were Mr. John Skinner and Miss Beattie Sims. A detachment of the United States Marine Corps, who were on duty at the time, were present to give their comrades a parting salute as he left the ranks of bachelorhood forever.

Next Friday evening at 8:30 o'clock the South Side Social and Literary Club will give a living literary entertainment at the residence of Mr. J. R. Stamps, No. 11 Garrett street. The entertainment will be quite a novel one and entirely new. The young ladies will dress to represent certain books, etc. Catalogue will be distributed among the young men. They will select a book, call at the library and take the young lady representing that book out for a ten-minute chat, promenade or dance, after which the books will be returned to the library and the same process of selecting will be carried on each fifteen minutes for several hours. All friends of the club are cordially invited to be present.

Mme. and Professor J. Lustrat inform their friends and patrons that they have moved from 141 Spring street to 23 West Peachtree street, where they will be glad to see them and also persons wishing to take French lessons.

The approaching marriage of Miss Gussie K. Black, daughter of the late Hon. George R. Black, of Savannah, Ga., to Mr. Peyton L. Wade, of Dublin, Ga., is announced. Mr. Wade is a lawyer of much distinction, and the many friends of both parties rejoice in their happiness. The marriage will take place very quietly at the home of Mrs. Richard Peters, on Easter evening, April 13th, Rev. A. W. Knight officiating.

and Miss Emma Ehrlich, The Boston Herald contains this notice of the affair: "At the Brunswick last evening occurred the wedding of Miss Emma Ehrlich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ehrlich, and Mr. Oscar Elias, of Atlanta, Ga. The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, and in place of the customary canopy the bride and groom were seated under a large and beautiful canopy of white lace. The bride wore a gown of satin duchesse, and the groom a suit of black and white. The bride carried a large bouquet of lilies of the valley, and the groom a boutonniere of the same. The ceremony was a most beautiful one, and the music was highly enjoyable. The bride and groom were assisted by the groom's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Elias, of Atlanta, and the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ehrlich, of Boston. The reception dancing was in order at midnight. The best man was Mr. Herman Benjamin, of New York; the best woman was Dr. Henry Ehrlich, and Messrs. Benjamin, Sidney Shuman, Clarence Pickert, Leopold Abraham, Carl Dreyfus, David Goussard, and Messrs. Macdon, Galt, and Adolph Ehrlich."

Miss Molly Courtney is at home again after a delightful visit of several weeks with friends in New York and New Jersey.

One of the several things to be considered in purchasing a wedding present is where to find the best assortment at reasonable prices. We are sure if you see our stock you will unhesitatingly say that you can do no better than to purchase from us. We have an infinite variety of beautiful crystal cut glass, the choice art pieces of the prominent sterling silverware manufacturers, the exclusive agency of Rookwood pottery, that choice ware which is easily broken in ceramic art, and in fact, everything that you could reasonably expect to find in the best jewelry stores of the larger cities, and you need not travel to New York to have purchased from us that you have not paid too much and that the goods are as represented. Maier & Berkele, 31 Whitehall street.

The ladies who are interested in the Atlanta chautauque will meet tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock, in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association. Those who are conversant with the work the chautauque has on hand will readily appreciate the importance of the meeting, and a full attendance should be the result. The officers of the association are extremely anxious that every member should be in attendance tomorrow.

It is rumored that one of the committees of the woman's department will open the Lenten season with a Chinese tea, given on Easter Monday. Solids will be served in the form of four famous Chinese talks by the only people who can possibly make them. One on China and her court, from an official point of view; a second on what the missionary sees of China; the Chinese view of the world; and a third on the question; and the Mikado's Corea. As to dainties, music on the mandolin and Chinese pipe, native songs and dances, and the charm of European and American melody by contrast. The light refreshments, too, will be there for those who have no disinclination to "tooth-dee," a la Chinese; and a delicious tidbit (in memory of Bobo, no doubt) made from bacon skin cut into dice and fried brown to a toast.

Special! Special! Special!
Plenty of Zephyr left, all colors, only 2-12c an ounce.

25c all linen Towels, only 15c.
Germantown Wool and Saxony Yarns, only 5c a hank.
35c Knitting Silks, only 12-12c.
Variegated Cotton, all colors, 2-12c.
Extra heavy Bed Quilts 75c.
These are from The Fair stock purchase.

Many readers of The Constitution will regret to learn that Rev. D. Shaver, D.D., is seriously ill in Augusta. His daughter, Mrs. Wallace P. Reed, will have the sympathy of her Christian friends, who with the countless number that have sat under his ministry have learned to love this able divine. There will be many prayers for his speedy restoration to health.

Miss Martilla Bilbro, of Gadsden, Ala., who has been the guest of Miss Willie Mason at Manchester, returned home yesterday.

One of the notable events of the past week was the marriage of Mr. W. Atticus Dodge and Miss Ella Alexander, on Thursday night, the 28th instant, at Walker street Methodist church, Rev. W. Dodge officiating. Mr. Charles I. Brannan acted as best man, and Miss Daisy DeFor as maid of honor. The attendants were Miss Mettie Crowley, of Roswell, Ga.; Miss May Belle Dodge, Mr. W. G. Johnson, of Atlanta, and Mr. E. G. Manning, of Marietta. The wedding was a most beautiful one, and the church was beautifully decorated with ferns and evergreens, and the wedding march, "The Swan Song," was played by the organ. The solemn ceremony performed by the father of the groom, made the occasion a most happy one. The bride and groom, after the ceremony, were taken to a room at the Hotel Washington for a stay of several weeks, and the large number of friends of each of the contracting parties upon them a pleasant trip and a safe return.

Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Mackey have moved to No. 11 Luckie street, where they will be pleased to meet their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Spain, who have recently moved from Fort Valley have located at 23 Whitehall street. Mrs. Spain, as Miss Willie, of Talbotton, was one of southwest Georgia's most charming young ladies, and her many friends in Atlanta extend to her a hearty welcome to the Gate City.

Mrs. H. L. Johnson and Miss Carrie Westmoreland Johnson are spending some time at Locust Lodge, Marietta. Mr. Lowry Arden spent Sunday at Locust Lodge.

Miss Pet Jeffrey, a charming young lady of Portland, Ore., is at the Kimball.

A Thomsville letter tells of a brilliant affair there on Tuesday afternoon. It was given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. P. The occasion was the twelfth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. The occasion was a most beautiful one, and the church was beautifully decorated with ferns and evergreens, and the wedding march, "The Swan Song," was played by the organ. The solemn ceremony performed by the father of the groom, made the occasion a most happy one. The bride and groom, after the ceremony, were taken to a room at the Hotel Washington for a stay of several weeks, and the large number of friends of each of the contracting parties upon them a pleasant trip and a safe return.

J. Wyman Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Chapin, Miss Fleming, General Hy Kyd Douglas, Mr. Justice, Captain and Mrs. Kirkwood, Presbyterian church, Cars of the Traction Company leaving the postoffice every thirty minutes after 7:00 o'clock p. m. pass General Gordon's place.

Miss Sallie Maude Jones gave an informal afternoon musicale to a few friends yesterday. The singing of Mr. Stanley, of New York, was simply grand and completely won the hearts of all who were so fortunate as to hear him.

A unique entertainment has been given at American. A correspondent writes: Social America is now entertaining a distinguished and attractive Georgia belle, Miss Harriet Phinley, of Augusta, and it was in her honor that a most pleasant spring outing was given by the "Young Lady Bachelor's Club."

The day was an ideal one. Spring, with its flowers and greenery, and the new fabrics, all lent enchantment to the merry party as they boarded the noon train for "Old Andersonville," where historic formulas of the long ago probably elicited the attention of the pleasure seekers until the "grave" significance of the merry rounders were forgotten, and the merry rounders discussed living issues, such as are only understood by "lady bachelors."

Miss Phinley, the lovely homely, fully reciprocated by her grace of manner and social graces the high compliment, the lady bachelors extended, and the young bachelors, never listed a more pleasant happening in their series of entertainments.

Delightful afternoon at Andersonville with their guests, Miss Phinley and Messrs. Charles R. Crisp, Crawford Wheatley, George Sacco and W. K. Wheatley.

It is Done by Alice & Company, This City.

The people are not generally aware that they have in their midst one of New York's most fashionable dressmakers—Alice & Co. This firm has the latest and most fashionable styles in dress patterns. Yesterday thirty helpers were engaged for this week, so all goods could be delivered for Easter. The price for work has been reduced. Don't forget to call and investigate. Rooms 15 and 16 Elitch building, on Whitehall street.

See our new line Roll Top Office Desks at \$20, \$25 and up. Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICE
To the members, delegates and their friends attending the Southern Baptist Convention at Washington, D. C., May 10th.

The Seaboard Air-Line offers the rate of one fare for round trip. The Seaboard Air-Line is the only direct line which runs a solid Pullman Vestibule train which carries you to Washington without extra fare charged.

The Seaboard Air-Line offers choice of two routes, one via the famous Atlanta special, passing through Raleigh and Richmond, the other via Norfolk, Va., giving an opportunity to visit Old Point Comfort and the navy yards at Fortress Monroe, where the war vessels are anchored. Also a delightful trip up the Potomac river, passing Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, and many other attractive scenes.

For information, maps, time tables and any other information you may desire write or call on

E. J. Walker, City Ticket and Pass Ag't, 6 Kimball House.

B. A. Newland, General Ag't of Pass. Depot.

W. I. Flounoy, Trav. Pass. Agent, 6 Kimball House.

T. J. Anderson, General Pass. Agent.

Washington via Seaboard Air-Line, \$20. We have for this week a grand display in our Dress Goods Department. For magnificence, nothing in the texture line can exceed our Imported Novelties. Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

WE ARE LEADING THE FIGHT!

Our new system of buying and selling for the Spot Cash has already proven a grand success, and we thank the people for appreciating the many bargains we have given. We know we have distributed thousands of dollars to the public in first class Dry Goods at prices unheard of in Atlanta's history. Next week will be a busy one, and we are fully prepared to furnish all with their Easter Goods, and at prices less than any one. Quantities of new goods arrived for this Grand Sale. Read our prices and come to.....

Easter Wash Dress Goods.

15c Dress Gingham only 5c.
15c Dress Gingham, spring colors, 10c.

25c Zephyr Gingham only 12-12c.
15c Percalines, new styles, only 10c.
15c Percalines, short lengths, 7c.
15c bookfold Irish Lawns, 9c.
25c Figured Dimities, Monday 10c.
15c Crepe de Vire, new designs, 12-12c.

19c Shepherds Plaids, in the new Crepe de Vire, now only 12-12c.
19c black and navy Crepons 10c.
25c satin stripe Crepons, 15c.
15c Spring Ducks, all shades, 10c.
49c French Organdies now 25c.

27-inch printed Indias, black Surah and Silk Grenadines,
At 75c, worth \$1.50
Black figured Taffetas, black figured Indias, black figured Pongees, black Gros Grain Silks, fancy Taffetas, Dresden Effects, Taffeta Glace, Lyons Silks and Taffeta Brocades, different designs and colors,

At 80c, worth \$1.60
A new line of Changeable Taffetas, the prettiest Silks in the market for Shirt Waists,

At 80c, worth \$2.00
25-inch black Satin Duchesse, all Silk back and front, extra heavy, a beauty and just the thing for Skirts or Suits, and the most beautiful designs in Brocaded Taffetas in the market.

Domestics.
Yard wide Sheetings only 4c.
Good yard wide Bleachings 4-3-4c.
Yard wide Lonsdale Bleachings 5-7-8c.
One case Fruit of the Loom 5-7-8c.
25 pieces Lonsdale Cambrics 8-3-4c.
40-inch Pepperell Casings 9c.
10-4 Pepperell Sheetings 10-3-4c.
Standard Indigo Prints 3-7-8c.
Turkey oiled Calicoes 4-1-2c.
20c Beautiful Silkones 10c.
Yard wide Cheese Cloths 5c.
Best A. C. A. feather Tickings 12-1-2c.

Special! Special! Special!
Plenty of Zephyr left, all colors, only 2-12c an ounce.

25c all linen Towels, only 15c.
Germantown Wool and Saxony Yarns, only 5c a hank.
35c Knitting Silks, only 12-12c.
Variegated Cotton, all colors, 2-12c.
Extra heavy Bed Quilts 75c.
These are from The Fair stock purchase.

25c all linen Canvas only 15c.
Plain and cross-barred Crinolines 7c.
Best quality Shields only 10c.
Belding's 100-yards Spool Silks 5c.
Belding's 50-yards Spool Silks 3c.
Belding's Button Hole Twist 1c.

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Easter Gloves.

\$1.25 Kid Gloves, all shades, 75c.
\$2.00 Kid Gloves, colors and black, 95c.

75c Kayser silk tipped Gloves, 40c.
\$1.00 Kayser silk tipped Gloves, 75c.
49c silk Mitts now only 25c.
69c all-silk Mitts on sale 39c.
\$1.00 silk Mitts, beauties, 49c.

Ladies' Shirt Waists.
\$1.00 Percal Shirt Waists only 50c.
\$1.50 new style Ladies' Waists, 98c.
\$1.75 new style Ladies' Waists, \$1.25.

A number of Silk Waists in Taffetas, checks and stripes, Kai Kai and Habutai Silks very cheap.

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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, MARCH 31, 1895.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE ZULE.

BY MAMIE F. YOUNG.

Written for The Junior.

Many, many years ago, in a far distant land, there was a great king, who had an only son called the Prince Zuleimer. He was tall and handsome and highly accomplished in all those things that kings and princes have to learn, and he was the very idol of his father's heart.

But one time the king fell ill of a very grievous sickness, and though they called together all the wise men and great physicians of the kingdom, they could do nothing for him, and he grew rapidly worse.

At last an aged pilgrim, who was passing through the city, came to the palace and asked to see the sick king. As soon as he saw him he shook his venerable head and said: "Unless he drink the wine made from the fruit of the tree of good health he will surely die." When the prince heard this he announced his determination to procure it for his sick father.

"Where, most holy sir, can I find this wonderful tree, the wine of whose fruit will restore my beloved father to his wonted health?"

"That," said the pilgrim, "I cannot tell you. All I can say is that the way is beset with many dangers and difficulties, and that few, indeed, accomplish their errand. If, however, you have a good heart and a strong arm, and know not the meaning of fear, you may succeed. This much more I will tell you, that you may know the tree when you see it: Its leaves are as delicate and transparent as crystal, and its fruit is the color of blood."

When the king heard of the danger attending such an undertaking he tried to prevail on Zuleimer not to encounter such risks, but the young prince interrupted him saying:

"Do not, my dear father, dissuade me from attempting that on which so much depends. I feel assured that I shall be successful and even should I perish, I would only be doing what you yourself would willingly do for me."

The king, seeing the determination of the prince, ceased his expostulations and said: "Go, then, my beloved son, and may my blessing and the blessing of the Great Father of all rest on you and bring your journey to a safe and successful issue."

So, bidding his father a tender adieu, the young prince descended to the courtyard, where his good steed awaited him, and mounting set out alone, but with a brave heart, on a long and toilsome journey. He knew not in what direction to go, but happening to look up, he saw a beautiful bird with snowy plumage slowly and majestically sailing toward the southeast, so he concluded to turn his own face the same way.

For many hours he followed the bird in its flight until it finally was lost to view in a forest. On entering the wood he saw an old woman, so bent and feeble she could scarcely walk, gathering fagots. Quickly dismounting he approached her saying:

"Good mother, let me gather your fagots. I can do it better and much quicker than you, for I am young and strong, while you are old and feeble, and the young should ever bear the burdens of the old."

And, indeed, in a short time he had quite a large bundle gathered, very much larger than the old woman could carry, so he said to her:

"Now, show me to the place where you wish these carried, and I will take them for you."

So she led him a little way to a hut, by the banks of a river, where he deposited his burden, and mounting his horse prepared to resume his journey. The old woman was very grateful and called after him as he was riding away:

"God speed you, kind sir! I shall not forget you."

Now this was an enchanted wood, though the prince did not know it, and after riding and riding several hours he found himself just where he started from. "That is very strange," he thought, "I must try it again in a different direction," which he did, but with no better result. Night was fast coming on, and to make matters worse, a terrible wind arose which made the trees bend and groan and the branches crack in an alarming manner.

"Dear me!" said the prince to himself, "it promises to be a wild night. I must push my way out of this somehow, for if I have to spend the night in the woods, and am not devoured by some wild beast, I will probably perish from exposure."

Just then he heard some one say: "Look straight in front of you and repeat three times the word 'effenda.'"

Looking around to see from whence the voice came, he saw standing to his right the little old woman he had helped in the morning.

"I told you I would not forget you," she said. "Do as I bid you and goodbye!" and she immediately disappeared.

"Well," thought the prince, "nothing will be lost by trying," so he did as the old woman bade him.

No sooner had he repeated the word "effenda" three times than he saw a path opening through the forest directly in front of him. Following it for some distance he arrived in front of a magnificent palace, which was brilliantly illuminated from cellar to dome.

The prince rejoiced exceedingly at such a welcome sight, and dismounting, rapidly ascended the steps and sent a resounding knock echoing through the hall. Strange to say, no one answered. Again and again he knocked, but with no better success.

At last he thought of the magic word which had opened a path through the for-

est, and decided to try it again. He did so, and immediately the door flew open and he entered into a spacious hall, the walls and floor of which were richly inlaid with a mosaic of onyx, ruby, amethyst and topaz. On his entrance he was greeted with a burst of beautiful music, though the musicians were unseen. Exquisite voices sang:

"Welcome, welcome to our midst,
Welcome, noble, gracious prince."

"Many thanks for so charming a reception," said the young prince. "If the faces of the singers equal their voices, I must, indeed, be in the home of hours."

This courteous speech was greeted with another burst of music, even more beautiful than the first. The same chorus repeated:

"Welcome, welcome, still we sing!
Welcome, let the echoes ring!
You are handsome, brave and true,
And great deeds you yet will do.
She is generous, kind and fair,
Ye will make a noble pair."

At the conclusion of this stanza the prince heard a soft footfall and turning beheld the loveliest creature his eyes had ever rested upon.

"Madam!" said the prince, bowing very low, "I trust you will pardon my intrusion, but the wildness of the night forced me to take shelter here, and, as I can find no other habitation near, I fear I must trespass upon your hospitality until morning."

"Be assured, sir," said the lady, "you are very welcome. My palace and all it con-

tains are at your service. For as no one can enter without using the magical word, which gained your passage through the wood and admission here, I never see any one save my godmother, who is a fairy, and who sometimes comes to see me in the guise of an old crone. She, it was, whom you met at the entrance of the wood and who informed me of your approach."

When she had concluded, the prince who had been an attentive listener, exclaimed:

"And is there then no way of releasing you from this cruel enchantment? Tell me, I beseech you, and I will accomplish it, even if I should lose my life in the attempt."

"Yes," said Suldana, smiling sweetly, "There is one thing that will break this charm, and it will also help you in accomplishing your first undertaking. You are in search of the tree of good health; well, know that this wonderful tree is closely guarded by a terrible monster, who devours every one who attempts to approach. It will be necessary to kill it before you can hope to obtain the fruit you desire. Three drops of the heart's blood of this monster will break the enchantment under which I am held and release me from the magician's power forever. It is a dangerous undertaking, but I believe you will be successful. Everything that is in my power to do to assist you, will be done."

The prince expressed his pleasure at the information he had received and his determination of starting early on the morrow on his journey.

"Can you also tell me," said he, "in what direction I must travel so that I will lose as little time as possible, for every moment is precious and seems only too long until I can release you, O loveliest of creatures, from this cruel imprisonment!"

"You must travel to the southeast for about eight leagues, when you will come to a great lake which you must cross. About

the little boat sped through the waters and was soon at the opposite shore.

"Now," thought the prince, "comes the most dangerous part of all my journey, and I will need all my courage and coolness, but if I have succeeded so far I shall surely not fail here."

Then taking his magic javelin in his hand he started in the direction of the wonderful tree whose crystal leaves and crimson fruit he could see gleaming in the sunlight.

He had proceeded but a few steps when he heard a most terrific roaring that shook the very earth and beheld the frightful monster approaching. It had but one eye, directly in the middle of its forehead, which was as large as a saucer and glowed like a coal of fire. It had four horns and when it roared emitted smoke and flame from its mouth. Altogether it was a most horrible creature, and one to make the stoutest heart tremble, but the prince advanced boldly to meet it. "I will aim my javelin at its eye," thought he, "for if I blind him I can then easily slip up behind him and slay him with my sword."

So, grasping his javelin firmly, he hurled it with all his strength right at the monster's eye. The beast roared and stamped with pain and made a plunge at the prince, but Zuleimer sprang to one side and, drawing his sword quickly, put an end to the monster. Then putting three drops of its heart's blood in a vial which he had brought for the purpose pursued his way uninterrupted to the tree of good health. Having secured some of its fruit he started on his return.

Recrossing the lake he was soon speeding on his way. His horse seemed fairly to fly, and so rapidly did he travel that by nightfall he had reached the palace again. Great was the joy of the princess when she saw Zuleimer returning safe and with the means of breaking the weary enchantment under which she labored. According to her direction he dropped the contents of the vial on the threshold and immediately all the doors were opened and the palace was once more filled with courtiers and beautiful women, while servants and waiting women were seen running to and fro as formerly. All overwhelmed the prince with their thanks for what he had so bravely and nobly done and the princess could not say enough to express her gratitude.

"Ask what you will," she said, "even to the whole of my kingdom."

"Ah!" said the prince, "I ask for something of far greater value. Nothing less than yourself. That is all my desire. From the first moment I beheld you, I have been your willing slave, and would, for your sake, brave even more and greater dangers than I have. Forgive me if I am too presumptuous and remember I will be ready to serve you always and even to die for you."

"Ungrateful would I be, indeed," said the princess, "did I refuse a request so easily granted, especially as my own heart pleads for you. Like yourself, when I first saw you I felt that I had met one who could influence my life as none other could. Rest here until morning, when you must hasten to your father's bedside; when he has been restored to his usual health, return and our nuptials can be celebrated with the pomp befitting them."

The prince was overjoyed, of course, and they all spent the evening in great rejoicing.

Early the next morning he continued his way to his father's court, but how different everything was. Instead of the vast forest through which he had ridden before, there was now a noble park, and stretching as far as the eye could see were beautiful, undulating meadows. The rest of his journey was passed rapidly and pleasantly and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the towers of his father's castle rising before him.

Couriers hastened to meet him and there was great rejoicing over his return. After partaking of the wine made from the fruit the king immediately began to improve and in a short time was restored to his former health. The praises of the young prince were sung throughout all the kingdom, and when he related all his adventures and told of the lovely princess who had promised to become his bride they all marveled greatly. After arranging everything the king set out with the prince for the home of the princess. On their arrival the nuptials of the young prince and princess were celebrated with much pomp.

And for many years they reigned wisely and well over a happy, prosperous people.

Choice Soon Made.

"Can we get anything to eat on the cars, papa?" anxiously inquired the little four-year-old who was getting ready for her first long railway journey.

"Certainly, Fuss," replied the father.

"There will be a dining car on the train."

"But we'll get awful hungry waiting for dinner. Won't there be any breakfast car?"

"You don't understand, dear. We shall get our breakfast in the dining car."

"What'll there be to eat?"

"Well, there will be a bill of fare that will have the names of ever so many kinds of food on it. You can have beefsteak, mutton chops, or fried chicken; baked potatoes, fried potatoes, or boiled potatoes; ham and eggs, oatmeal, hot biscuits, graham bread, raw or cooked fruits, coffee, tea, or chocolate. Now with all that before you what would you choose?"

"Cake."

Sure Sign.

From Life.
First New Yorker—Were there many New Yorkers in Chicago?

Second New Yorker (just from Chicago)—I imagine so. So many of the people I passed on the street had such a disgusted look.



The Prince Rode Rapidly Through the Furious Storm.

Moreover, I may be able to give you some information that will be of benefit to you. As soon as you are ready I will conduct you to the banquet hall, where supper is already prepared and waiting."

"First, I must see to my horse, which I left standing without," said the prince.

"He has already been cared for," continued she. "Nothing remains but for you to refresh yourself, for you must be both tains are at your disposal, and I beg you will rest contented 'til the morrow, when you will be ready to resume your journey, hungry and tired after so hard a day's journey."

Accordingly, she ushered him into the banquet hall, where a most delicious repast awaited them. The prince thought he had never seen anything so splendid in all his life. The dome-like ceiling of rarest porcelain, whereon were traced the most life-like hunting scenes, was supported by columns of porphyry. The walls of tinted marble were hung with the richest tapestry. Four large chandeliers of crystal and precious stones lit this magnificent apartment, giving it the brilliancy of midday. The prince and his companion were served by invisible hands to the accompaniment of strains of the sweetest music. All this so excited the curiosity of Zuleimer that he could scarcely restrain himself from asking the meaning of it all.

At last his fair entertainer, seeing his looks of bewilderment and surprise, began: "You are surprised at having seen no one but myself in so spacious a palace, and yet at the same time to be served and have every wish almost anticipated, as though there were hundreds of servants watching every movement. I will explain these mysterious appearances. My name, first of all, is the Princess Suldana. This palace and the wood through which you passed are a part of my possessions, as they formerly were a portion of the kingdom ruled over by King Soudmanes, who was my father. Shortly after his death my hand was sought in marriage by a powerful magician. His proposals were met by an indignant refusal, which so incensed him that he cast a strong enchantment upon all the land. I am unable to leave these halls, being a prisoner within my own palace. While my attendants and waiting women are permitted to serve me as before, they have all become invisible. You can judge how I sometimes

a stone's throw, on the other side, you will find what you seek growing at the foot of a large mountain, and guarded, as I have said, by a frightful monster. When you have succeeded in dispatching him you will have no further trouble and your return will be both safe and speedy."

The princess then directed him to his apartments; being very tired he was soon sleeping soundly, while his dreams were filled with visions of the beautiful princess. The next morning he was stirring by times, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast was ready to resume his journey. As he was leaving the princess presented him with a javelin. "Take this with you," she said, "it was given me by my godmother, and possesses the power of never missing whatever it is aimed at." The prince thanked her very earnestly and bidding her adieu mounted his horse, which he found standing without, and once more started on his search for the tree of good health and the monster that guarded it. His way lay right through the depths of the forest and for many, many miles he rode along paths where it seemed as though no one had ever traveled before. As he was riding on his mind intent on his dangerous mission, he suddenly heard a great rustling in the underbrush, and looking up saw an immense wild boar making directly at him. His horse becoming frightened reared with such suddenness as to throw him to the ground, and he was in very great danger of being devoured, when he bethought him of the princess's parting gift, and throwing the magic javelin at the wild boar instantly dispatched it.

At last he came to the lake Suldana had told him of and he was very much puzzled at first to know how he was to cross, but finally saw a little boat moored among some bushes on the shore. Getting in he pushed off into the lake, but was very much surprised to find the boat after going a little way turn of its own accord and come back to its starting point. Though he rowed with all his might he could not make it go any farther. "Well," said he, "at this rate I will never get across. Let us try what our magic word will do here. Perhaps that will make a path through the water to the further shore as well as one through the forest." So, looking straight before him, he repeated the same word three times and sure enough

Test. Try on
his Spring
NKKY,
Alabama Street

GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA
W. Y. ATKINSON

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Marietta Street School.

As all of the honor rolls have not yet been made out, I was unable to get the honor pupils. The third grade teacher, Miss Stella A. Anglin, has obtained leave of absence for one month, and is now in Florida for her health. The teacher pro tem. of the third grade is Miss M. Askew.

The recitations Monday were unusually good. Misses Fannie Mae Craig, Florence and Emma Bowen, Masters Louis Boylan and Fred Hutcherson made very nice speeches. Louis Boylan is making a desperate effort to excel in elocution and may yet do so.

The Tuberosa Debating Club, of the Marietta street school, met Friday and selected a subject. It was, "Resolved that country life is more beneficial to the development of men and women than city life."



The above is a picture of little Miss Dora Lawless, a bright little pupil of the first grade.

While she is only six years old she conducts herself in a manner older persons should be proud of. She is an excellent scholar and gives her teacher no trouble whatever. Dora is very pretty, but does not let her good looks spoil her.

Master Frank Legerton is one of the smartest young men in Marietta street school. He is generally on the roll of



honor. Frank is a great favorite with his schoolmates as well as his teachers. His bright face predicts for him a great man some day.

Fraser Street School.

The two first honor pupils of the school are as follows:

First Grade—Marie Camp, 98; Hattie Herbig, 97.8.

Second Grade—Winnie Hind, 97.9; Lola Dyman, 97.3.

Third Grade—Louise Printup, 98.2; Willie Hughes, 97.2.

Fourth Grade—Tillie Lepinsky, 96.1; Willie Scheitman, 95.4.

Fifth Grade—Louis Schelmsman, 96.5; Oma Huff and Julia Laird, 96.4.

Sixth Grade—Daisy Von der Leith, 98.2; Mary Christian, 97.6.

There are fifteen on the roll in the seventh grade.

The following programme was rendered in the C. C. K. Society last Friday:

Song—"My Country,"

Recitation, "Going After the Cows," by Gertrude Frank.

Recitation, Rica Levy.

Song, seventh grade.

Reading, Asbury Wetborn.

Recitation, Alice Beardsley.

Song, Mary Christian.

Composition, Viola Parks.

Recitation, Sophie Levy.

Song, sixth grade.

Reading, Miss Culpepper.

Reading, James Latimer.

Reading, Inez Moon.

Recitation, Miss Steinhilber.

The second grade were the guests.

—Allie Mann.

Fair Street School.

Last Friday the eighth grade formed a literary society. It is for the purpose of helping us in our daily exercises.

Not long ago the seventh grade had a three-sided debate. The question debated was: "Resolved, that Jefferson's administration was more beneficial to the people of the United States than Madison's or Polk's." Under the leadership of Arthur Fisher Jefferson's side won.

One of the boys in the eighth grade had his leg amputated last week. He had been a cripple for several years. He is now in the Grady hospital, but is improving. We all feel very sorry for him for he has always been brave and patient under his misfortune.

The eighth grade made 100 in attendance last week.

In my next I will send the roll of honor for March.

—Alfred L. Barth.

Ivy Street School.

There have been a good many visitors at our school this week.

Major Slaton visited the school Tuesday.

The first and second honor pupils for March are: First grade, Emma Harvey, 98.9; Viola Willbanks, 98.1. Second grade, Nora Harmon, 98.5; Katie Harris, 98.3. Third grade, Clara Stowers, 97.6; Maggie Mull, 97.1. Fourth grade, Ethel Morgan, 98.3; Iris White, 97.7. Fifth grade, Sadie Avery, 97.3; Laura Goin, 96.4. Sixth grade, Rachael Milam, 96.4; Adele Porter, 97.6. Sixth grade, Mina Lou Blount and Hattie Milledge, 98.6; Flora Morrell, 98.4. Eighth grade, Edith

Goodman, 98.1; Ada Respass, 96.9.

—Arch Avery.

Crew Street School.

Miss Roach has given the fifth grade the beds out in the front yard and they are going to plant flowers in them.

The fifth grade got the highest average in attendance this week. It was 98.2, and the school average was 98.4.

The roll of honor is as follows: Eighth grade, Louise Catchings; seventh grade, Alma Roberts; sixth grade, Mary Rucker, fifth grade, Alice Oetter; fourth grade, Fanny Stewart; third grade, Hally Ellis; second grade, Alphonse Hurler; first grade, Carrie Rosborough.

The eighth grade literary society met last Friday afternoon when the seventh grade pupils were present and contributed much to the programme.

The debate, "Resolved, That Lee was a greater general than Grant," was decided in favor of the affirmative side.

The negative didn't have any show at all; first, because our president is a patriotic southerner, and second, because one of the negative speakers was absent.

The piano duet by Misses Mary Kenny and Leona Clarkson was much enjoyed.

Sam Ogletree's reading was very good.

The piano solo by Miss Willie Martin was very pretty; also, the one by Miss Mabel Taylor.

—

We had a very unexpected visitor in our grade last week, and he created more excitement and a greater stir among the pupils than Major Slaton's visits do among the teachers. He did not wait at the door to be invited in by Miss Mattie, who always cordially welcomes visitors—even Major Slaton—but he strutted in without any invitation, just like he owned the whole school and was president of the board of education. When we saw him we were all scared and made a run for the closet and shut the door. I climbed up on the window.

Robert Parker tried to crawl in the stove, but couldn't get in the door. And Pansy Stewart actually tried to shut herself up in her desk. Well, this visitor didn't seem to mind our fright, but walked up to the front, poked his great large nose into our desks and helped himself to our lunches, just like everything belonged to him. No one knew who he was till Ridley Byrd peeped out of the closet, and seeing him eating Jamie Laird's lunch said: "Why that's my dog! Come here, you crook!" And with that he ran out of the closet, caught him by the collar and marched him out of the room. He carried Jamie's lunch with him.

Speaking of dogs reminds me of a cat my friend Alice Billups, who goes to William street school, had. It was a bright and smart cat, and was named Sneezzer, because when she found him, a wee little kitten in the snow, with no home and friends, he had a very bad cold, and sneezed like one taking snuff. Well, this poor little Sneezzer was out in the street a few days ago, when some boys set a lot of dogs on him and killed him before Alice could interfere. She decided, however, to give Sneezzer a first-class funeral, and I was the recipient of an invitation to the sad obsequies, but could not go. I wonder if Alice were full mourning.

—Bertha Slatler.

Ira Street School.

Professor Davis visited our school Thursday, and the classes all averaged high in their music. The marks were as follows: Eighth grade, 99; seventh, 100; sixth, 100; fifth, 98; fourth, 94; third, 97; second, 99; first, 98.

The third grade had a spelling match last week between the boys and girls, and the girls, as they usually do in such cases, won.



One of the smartest young men in Ira street school is Master Jim Avery Dalley. He is only six years old, but always has a fine average. Jim is a handsome little fellow, and is liked by his teachers as well as by all the scholars. His recitations are fine.

At the last meeting of the Golden Rod Society of the sixth grade the following enjoyable programme was rendered:

Song, class; recitation, Eula Crawford; recitation, Gertrude Denard; recitation, Cone Maddox; song, eight girls; recitation, Helen de Treville; recitations, Nellie Foster, Edna Ferris, Lula Giever, Ava Lester, Jewel Randall; song, class; recitations, Nellie Smith, Aurie Snelling, Mary Lou Connell; song, class; recitations, Annie Lemmons, J. D. Collins, Kitty Roberts.

In our debate, "Resolved, That the south had no right to secede from the union," the affirmative side won. Many good points were brought out, and on the whole it was an excellent debate.

The critic, Miss Dora Fried, made some excellent hits.

—Willie Parkhurst.

State Street School.

The I. T. C. Society of the sixth grade was called to order at 1 o'clock Friday by the president, Annie Clark. The programme was short, but very interesting. The most interesting event was a recitation by Annie Clark—subject, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," which we all enjoyed.

Last Friday we had an excellent piece from Flynn Travis, who is secretary.

We have a very sweet teacher—Miss Maude McDaniel, who is dearly loved by

all of her scholars and friends. She always looks to the welfare of her class.

The children are trying in school as well as in the society.

There were only two on the roll of honor this month—Beatrice George, 95.6; Annie Clark, 97. These two lead the class every month, and too much praise cannot be given them.

—Ethel Hatcher.

Boulevard School.

The A. T. A. Society of the seventh grade held its regular meeting Friday last. The first grade was invited and several visitors which attended and enjoyed the exercises very much. The president is Mr. Theodore Harris, vice president, Miss Kate Howell, secretary, Mr. Bishop Kandal. The exercises began promptly at 12:30, and lasted until 1:30 o'clock, being one hour of solid enjoyment, which did not seem half so long to the audience. The programme was as follows:

Song, by class, entitled "At Evening;" recitation, Mr. Releign Clark; composition, Miss Anna Mewborn; recitation, Mr. Willie Bumstead; reading, Miss Maude Anderson; vocal quintet, by Messrs. Willie Bumstead, Luther Hogan, Walter Childress, Clifford Clower and Harold Moore; recitation, Miss Rosalie Miller; composition, Miss Nina Harden; recitation, Miss Cora Mewborn; recitation, Miss Tommie Duncan; Trio quartet by mixed voices, both girls and boys. After the formal programme was over, the principal of the school read a very nice selection, which pleased all.

—Mary Corley.

The Rainbow Society, of the sixth grade, was called to order Friday, March 22d, by the president, Emelize Wood, after which the secretary, Jessie McWilliams, read the minutes of the last meeting. The programme was very entertaining, and was given as follows:

Recitation—Annie Rauschenberg.
Composition—Fannie Crawford.
Reading—T. H. McBride.
Recitation—Leonora Dean.
Song by the class.
Composition—Alice May Gathright.
Recitation—Susie Davis.
Composition—Annie Belle Tappan.
Recitation—Kathleen Askew.
Critics' Report—Ruth Kendall.
Reading of the class paper by the editor, John Seidell.

—Emelize Wood.

Mrs. Byer's School.

Our monthly examinations are over and Master John Collier, son of Mr. Charles A. Collier, stands at the head of the honor roll for March.

John is a close student and a remarkably intellectual boy. We hope to give his picture next week.



Master Frank E. Echols, whose picture we present, won the prize, "History of the World," for being the best speller in school. We were all glad. Frank, who is the son of Captain Echols, agent of the Southern Express Company in Atlanta, is a splendid fellow and very popular.

The spelling contest was really very exciting. It lasted three months.

—M. A.

Williams Street School.

On Monday we were visited by Major Slaton and Mr. Burgess Smith, a member of the board of education from the seventh ward. An interesting talk was given by Major Slaton on the question of "When crossing the Pacific, do vessels gain or lose a day as they cross a certain line?"

Those who heard the interesting talk that Major Slaton gave us on it now understand that troublesome question.

Both gentlemen complimented our principal, Miss Joe Berman, and the teachers on the excellent work found in all the grades.

In the sixth grade, several of the best compositions for the year were read, and they expressed themselves as well pleased with the work.

The compositions were as follows:

"Frogs and Toads"—Fannie Turner.
"Pilgrim Fathers"—Maggie Driver.
"Thanksgiving Day"—Margaret Whiteside.
"Trunk Line Railroads"—Minnie Abel.

Our teacher, Miss Browning, is delighted with our improvement in this branch of her work.

—Jessie Garwood.

West End School.

The monthly meeting of the W. F. S. Society was held Wednesday, March 27th.

Hugh Caldwell, the president, called the society to order at 12:45 o'clock p. m. The minutes were read by Miss Mary Allen, after which the following programme was creditably rendered:

"The Birds Orchestra"—Lenox Thornton.
"Ways of Luck"—Mamie Culberson.
"Aged Stranger"—Arthur Howell.

"What Ails the Pudding"—Kate Johnston.
"Lost in the Woods"—Beessie Barker.

"The Carmen"—Stuart Mobley.
"Young Hero"—Lina Lovett.

"Star Spangled Banner"—John Culver.
"Funeral"—Lizzie Biddood.

"Popping Corn"—Geise Ray.
"That Hired Girl"—Kate Wilson.

"The Inquiry"—Ora Belle Cook.
"Advice"—Jerome Thornton.

"My Comrade"—May Smith.
"Because"—Dora Reynolds.

"Waking the Younguns"—Archie Yittle.
"The True Fatherland"—Warren Roberts.

"Sword of Robert E. Lee"—Palmer Smith.
"Tom, the Drummer Boy"—Mary Allen.

Professor Bass visited us last week; his visit was very much enjoyed. He says he hopes that none of us will fall below the "dead line."

—Julian Palmer Smith.

ACADAMEIS AND COLLEGES.

Girls' High School.

The Mallon Society met today in Brown hall. The programme, as rendered, was as follows:

Mandolin duet—Phoebe Hardy, first grade A; Florence Field, first grade B. C; Maude Menko, second grade; Gertrude Walsh, first grade D.

Composition—"The Spring Poet," Annie May Barnes, first grade B. D.

Instrumental solo—Ray Klein, first grade B. D.

Reading—"The Picnic at Selina," Belle Fitch, third grade B. D.

Chorus—"Pretty Village Maiden," first grade B. C.

Recitation—"The Dial of the Flowers," Mary Ormond, third grade B.

Instrumental solo—Blina Beck, second grade B.

Original poem—"Spring," written by Martha Hartford, recited by Mamie Tolbert, third grade A.

Quartet—"Springtime," Nellie Battle, second grade A; Bena Reddy, third grade B. D; Hattie Spears, Whittie Warner, second grade B. D.

Among the many bright girls who attend the High school, Miss Martha Hartford, of third grade A, is noticeable. As one of the girls remarked: "She can do anything she wants to do." Last month the most enjoyable feature of the society was a burlesque composition on part of Virgil's Aeneid. This month, a very pretty poem entitled "Spring," was also one of Miss Hartford's productions. This poem was recited prettily and gracefully by Mamie Tolbert.

S. F. D.

Moore Memorial J. S. C. E.

It is with great pleasure that the Junior presents the picture of Miss Lena Holderby, the daughter of Rev. A. R. Holderby, D.D.



She attends the Washington seminary and is a model pupil. Her teacher speaks very highly of her as a bright young lady, one whose behavior is perfect.

She attends regularly the meetings of the Moore Memorial Juvenile Society of Christian Endeavor and is one of the honor Endeavorers. Lena takes great pride in her Christian work and is always in her happiest mood.

Southern Female College, of La Grange, Ga.

Miss Annie Carlton, of Senola, Ga., a graduate of the college, spent a few days with us last week.

Misses Horsley, Turner, Shealy and Collins spent Sunday at their homes in West Point, Ga.

The senior club held their regular meeting March 15th. Business pertaining to the class was transacted.

The young ladies of the college were complimented several nights ago with a delightful serenade by a number of the young ladies and gentlemen of La Grange.

Dr. Gambrell, of Mercer university, was with us Wednesday. He delivered an interesting address to the school.

M. H.

Mrs. Prather's School.

The March meeting of our literary societies, the Mnemosynean and Les Petites Fleurs, was especially interesting and the committee on programme is to be congratulated on their success.

The numbers were:

Music—"Sonatine," Mozart—Miss Florine Richardson.

Reading—"Advice to the Readers of Shakespeare"—Miss Lillian Barrow.

Music—"Valse," Gurliitt—Miss Lottie Kilby.

Dialogue—"Oxygen and Carbon"—Misses Florence Hobbs and Florine Richardson.

Music—"Minuet," Baril—Miss Mabel Stillson.

Reading—"The Crybaby"—Miss Marguerite Hemphill.

Music—"An Idyll," Schuman—Miss Anais Cay.

"Frederick the Great and the Birds"—Misses Helen Cay, Marie Angier, Olive Kingsberry and Juanita Tyler.

Music—"Valse," Low—Miss Susie Thompson.

"Publius Cornelius Cicero," a Latin reading—Miss Anais Cay.

"Proserpina," Latin recitation—Misses Helen Angier and Mabel Stillson.

Vocal Solo—DeKoven—Miss Ret Dargan.

Recitation—"A Goose Story"—Miss Pearl Peck.

Southern Baptist College.

Rev. P. L. Stanton, recently from San Diego, Cal., delivered a lecture to the students last Friday evening on his travels through Europe, Africa and Asia Minor.

The lecture, parts of which were very humorous, was intensely interesting, dwelling on the massive ruins of Egypt, the picturesque beauty of Italy and the historic interest of Greece and Asia Minor.

Saturday an informal entertainment was given by the young ladies complimentary to Mr. Stanton.

Mrs. Harvey Hatcher, from Atlanta, spent last Wednesday evening at the college. At the twilight service she made a profitable talk to the young ladies.

A lecture in chemistry was given by Professor Youngblood last Friday evening to the school and a few visiting friends. The lecture embraced the nitrogen group, including nitrogen, arsenic, antimony and bismuth. Some beautiful experiments were performed illustrating the lecture.

A meeting of the literary society was held Friday afternoon. The author selected for the afternoon was Oliver Wendell Holmes. The programme was decidedly literary and the college paper, edited by Misses Lester, Hudman and Barnes, was something unique.

The young ladies attended the matinee Thursday afternoon given by Gilmore's band at the Grand.

—Lucie Stanton.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

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FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE
YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers
of the Daily Constitution.
All Letters and Communications Intended
for this Issue Must be Addressed to The
Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., March 31, 1905.

With the opening of the spring all eyes are turned on field sports. Baseball will reign supreme. But there are other sports that will divide honors with it. There will be fishing, kite flying for the younger boys, marbles, tops-in fact, everything that delights the soul of the boy in the springtime.

The Junior is going to make a special feature of these sports. We will have articles by experienced writers on baseball. Men who know what they are talking about will tell you how to get up your fishing tackle and how to lure the wary beauties of the brook. There will be descriptions of different games and of all sorts of out-door springtime sports that interest the boys.

We want full reports of all the match games of baseball between the different schools or between different clubs that come off. We also want to announce these games in advance as often as they are arranged a week ahead, and will publish pictures from time to time of winning teams. We will be glad to have the captains of the different ball clubs send in a list of their clubs, giving the names and positions of the players, their past record and what they expect to do on the diamond this spring. Send in your club lists and records and they will appear in the Junior.

A STORY ABOUT EASTER EGGS

The Courtship of Princess Margaret.

The Easter egg has lost its significance, yet once it was an important feature of the spring festival. Formerly at the approach of Easter all the hen nests of France were ransacked for the largest eggs, which were brought as a tribute to the king, and when the Easter high mass was finished in the chapel of the Louvre the lackeys brought into the royal presence pyramids of gilded eggs resting on decorated baskets. The chaplain blessed them and distributed them to the people.

There is a pretty story told about Margaret of Austria, regent of the Netherlands, who went on a trip in the Pays de Bresse. Her sojourn in the little town of Bron gave rise to a series of festivals and on Easter Sunday there was a general holiday, when all the people played games. It must have been a beautiful scene with the shining Alps and dark forests in the background and all the peasants in gala costumes making merry on the village green. Margaret attended the festival accompanied by her great ladies and enjoyed such rude sights as the archery where the target was a cask of wine and the happy marksman who pierced it was allowed to drink his fill. Another interesting feature of the day was a country dance executed on a ground where about a hundred eggs were scattered. If the young people finished the dance without breaking the eggs they were considered betrothed and not even the parents were permitted to oppose their union. The experiment had to be repeated three times to the tunes of rustic music and merry laughter. While the lovely princess was absorbed in the scene a horn was heard from the forest and soon there appeared the duke of Savoy, Philibert, heralded by a brilliant retinue. Springing from his horse the gallant courtier knelt, kissed her hand and begged for hospitality. She granted this and then said "I will join in the dance." Philibert led her to the spot and the young and noble lovers, forgetting rank and place, gave their attention to avoiding the eggs. Three times did they tread the measures, when flushed with happiness, Margaret said: "Let us adopt the custom of Bresse," and thus were they betrothed. They were married on Easter of the following year in happy memory of the rustic event, and they presented all their wedding guests with magnificent eggs of gold and jewels filled with sweetmeats and every year after this they went to their favorite friends and followers a token of Easter eggs in some form or shape. Esther Singleton.

DISCONTENTED POLLY.

For Very Little Folks.

Polly ought to have been a very happy little girl, but she was not because she hadn't a doll. She had everything else—a beautiful kitchen, a stove with everything to use on it, some pretty china dishes, a table to put them on and a neat little wicker chair to match the table.

Only a little while ago she had three lovely dolls, but there was another D to Polly's name—Destructive Polly, and now there was not a bit of a dolly left, and mamma had determined to let her wait until she wanted one so very much that when it did come she would be sure to take care of it. But Aunt Alice said one day: "That child shall have a doll tomorrow." And sure enough, the next morning in the little wicker chair Polly found the most beautiful doll she had ever seen.

It had fluffy, golden hair and bright blue eyes and a dress just like Polly's best one, with puffed sleeves. It could say "papa" and "mamma" quite plainly and could move its eyes.

Of course the first thing to be done was to find a name for the new treasure, and that made Polly discontented again. She wanted to call it after herself, but she said:

"Polly is such an every-day name it would never do. My doll must have a 'company' name." So she called her doll "Rosolinda."

The next day in honor of the new doll, so Polly carried Rosolinda in the little playroom, put her in the little chair and began to get ready for the party. Rosolinda looked as though she would like to help, so Polly filled one of her prettiest cups with milk and put it in the dolly's lap, while she went out for three lumps of sugar.

Just then a dreadful thing happened. Puss, who had been hidden under a chair, came out, jumped to Rosolinda's lap and began to drink the milk as fast as she could. Before it was half gone she heard Polly coming, so she jumped down in a hurry and out of the window, but one hind paw caught the cup by the handle, spilled the milk on dolly's dress, dashed the cup to the floor and broke it all to bits.

When Polly came in and saw this, what do you think she did? She just looked at Rosolinda a moment, then she took her out of the chair and shook her—shook her so hard and sat her down that the pretty blue eyes shut up tight and wouldn't come open.

Polly didn't mind that at first. She said: "Yes, you'd better shut your eyes you naughty thing. Don't tell me it was an accident." You did it yourself, I know, and I don't love you one bit. You don't look fit to be seen, and the party will be here before I'm ready. Oh, dear, just open your eyes and see what you've done."

But poor Rosolinda's eyes wouldn't open, and the more Polly shook her the tighter shut they stayed, till she ran crying to mamma to ask for help. Mamma had seen it all, so now she took Polly and Rosolinda both on her lap and gave what Polly called "a little preach."

It did her good, real good, and at last she said: "Dear mamma, if Rosolinda will only open her eyes and look at me, I believe I will never be so naughty again."

So mamma found a way to open the pretty blue eyes and Polly kissed them both and then kissed mamma for helping her.

By the time the party came everything was ready. Polly was very good, and let the girls play with her beautiful Rosolinda the whole time. I do not know how long the good will last. I hope till every one forgets to call her Discontented Polly, and learns to call her Darling Polly instead.

A EUROPEAN LETTER.

This is an extract from a letter written by a girl from Berlin:

"We were in the Auer cathedral, Munich, looking down the long nave, when troops of little children, boys and girls each with a little knapsack strapped between the shoulders, leaving the hands and arms free for play, came hastening in by twos and threes, till the whole church seemed full. They all knelt down, whispered a few words of prayer and remained for a brief space, silent and motionless, bowed down in devotion; then they quietly arose and went out. I shall not soon forget Auer cathedral with its little worshippers."

"We have been settled at Berlin for a month. Being the residence of the emperor and court, it is very gay with balls, theaters, etc., and the streets are bright and lively with fine uniforms, prancing horses and carriages full of richly dressed ladies, their escorts riding on horseback at the side. It presents a lively contrast with Munich in these respects, but, as to sunlight, it is a gloomy place. Thus far we have had only four pleasant days, and on those the sun set between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Some days we thought it did not rise at all! We realize now, for the first time, how far north Germany is."

"We improved one of our pleasant days by a trip to Potsdam, where is the summer palace of the kings of Prussia. Here are the rooms of Frederick the Great, just as he arranged them. His library is full of French books, and fills the shelves, which are everywhere, from floor to ceiling—upon the doors, even, so that when they are shut, one feels imprisoned in books!"

"At the opposite end of the palace are the rooms once occupied by Voltaire. The walls are covered with painted wood carvings of cats, dogs, parrots and peacocks, which Frederick caused to be placed there after his quarrel with Voltaire, to express his opinion of the Frenchman's traits of character."

"Directly under the walls of the palace is an idle windmill now owned by the emperor. The noise of this windmill used to annoy the queen, so Frederick sent for the miller and said to him:

"We two cannot live so near each other. One of us must buy the property of the other. Now, will you buy my palace?"

"But, my liege, I have not the money," replied the miller.

"Then I must buy your mill," said the king.

"You also have not money enough; I will not sell," was the miller's reply.

"When the king hinted his power to take possession by force, the sturdy miller said he could and would sue the king."

"Well," said the monarch, "since you have so high an opinion of the justice to be found in my courts of law, I will not molest you."

"So the windmill continued to creak and whirl in the ears of the royal family for a long time."

IN GREAT HASTE.

An eminent English surgeon was once called to an "urgent case" and found that the patient, who was a man of great wealth but small courage, had received a very slight wound from a fall.

The surgeon's face did not betray his irritation, but he gave his servant orders to go home with all possible haste and return with a certain plaster. The patient, turning very pale, said anxiously:

"I trust, sir, there is no great and immediate danger?"

"Indeed there is," answered the surgeon.

"Why, if that fellow doesn't run like a race horse, there's no telling but your wound will heal before he gets back with the plaster!"

Odd.

From The Washington Star.

"It's curious," said one philosopher, "that a man is always wanting something that he can't get."

"Yes," replied the other; "and that he is always getting something that he doesn't want."

SOME JUNIOR STORIES.

This is a little story written by a little girl, who has been an invalid for a long time. It is very hard for a girl to be confined at home by illness, but we are sure that if this little girl has such bright, cheery visions of fairies and other wonder folks to keep her company, she does not lack for company to keep her cheerful:

Elsie and the Fairies.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who had lived in the city all of her life, but her mother's health became so bad they moved into the country.

They had lived there but a short time when spring came with all its brightness, and blossomed all of the trees and flowers. The little girl, whose name was Elsie, went wild with joy, everything was so lovely. Elsie's father gave her a small flower yard, and a large variety of various and lovely flowers. The flower yard was fenced in so that nothing could harm them. The walks were laid off between each bed. There were benches all about.

Elsie would go very often and look into the buttercups and lilies, looking for fairies, of which she had often read.

One day, while she was looking into a buttercup, she found a fairy, to her great astonishment. Elsie sat quite still until the fairy looked up into her face.

Then the fairy asked Elsie her name, and Elsie told her. The fairy told Elsie her name was Minna, and that the butterfly was her home in the summer, and in the winter the fairy queen and all the other fairies went to the fairy palace, where all the fairies of that land went.

Then Minna asked Elsie how she would like to be changed into a fairy; Elsie said she should be delighted. Minna told Elsie to come back the next day, then she would change her to a fairy, and then take her to see the fairy queen.

Elsie was waiting near the buttercup at the time Minna appointed.

When Minna saw her, she smiled, at the same time saying: "You are ready, I suppose?" Elsie said she was.

Then the fairy moved her wand toward Elsie. Instantly she became the same size of Minna, and dressed like Minna. Then Minna knelt a little bell that she wore around her neck. Instantly a large butterfly came and asked what she wanted; Minna told him to bring a velvet-cushioned saddle.

The butterfly fluttered off, but soon came back with his brother and a saddle for each. Minna put her hand into her pocket and pulled out two silk threads. When the butterflies alighted, Minna put the threads around both butterflies' heads, and tied one end of both threads together; then, telling Elsie to mount, did the same herself, and they flew away to the queen's palace. They arrived at the palace safely, and, dismounting, went to the door, which was opened by servants, who ushered them into the queen's library, where she was engaged in reading.

Minna introduced Elsie to the queen, saying: "Your Majesty, this is Elsie; this is Queen Laleta." Elsie bowed. The queen received them cordially and, sitting down, they began to talk.

Queen Laleta told her she was going to give a ball, and that she had invited three princes. The ball was to be given there in the palace. She was going, and wanted them to accompany her. She said she would make all necessary arrangements first. The queen summoned a large butterfly, telling him to bring her a chariot.

The butterfly fluttered off, but soon returned with the chariot. They arrived safely at the palace, and made ready their toilet. Soon after the princes arrived, and were summoned into the ballroom, where they were met by Queen Laleta, Princess Minna, and Princess Elsie. The names of the princes were Prince George, Prince Alfred and Prince Frederick.

Prince George was in love with Laleta. Prince Alfred fell in love with Minna. Prince Frederick fell in love with Elsie the first night of the ball.

Each one of the beaux asked his sweetheart for her hand, which they gave willingly. They were all married, and such lovely weddings were never known before in fairyland.

Each prince carried his bride to his palace, where they lived happily ever afterward. Just then Elsie awakened, for her mother was calling her, and she had been asleep, and it was all a dream.

Lilla L. Johnson.

"The Lump of Gold."

Little Robert was always wishing for the lump of gold that he had been told was on top of the highest mountain in the world, which was near his house. Robert wished for the gold all the time after he had heard about it, and it was the only thing that he thought of. He was often heard to say in his sleep, "Lump of gold," and when his mother called him in the morning to get up he would awake suddenly with his eyes half open and murmur: "If I only had that lump of gold."

One day Robert's fairy godmother heard him wishing for the lump of gold. One rainy day, while he was playing in the room with his ball, for it had been a fair day Robert would have been at play in the fields and gardens, she said to him: "If you want to get the gold I will tell you," and Robert stopped and listened and she told him: "You will go to the foot of the mountain you will see an old man sitting by a tree. Here is some bread and cheese. If he asks you for some give some to him, and go on without stopping, and when you are one-fourth of the way up the mountain you will come to a well. By the well is a tree and by the tree is a stone and under the stone is a silver bar. Take it from under the stone. Put it in your belt and go on, but do not stop and when you are half-way up there is a brass block. Take it and put it on your head and go on; and when you are three-fourths of the way up the mountain you will find a pair of woolen gloves. Take them down and put them on, and when you are on top of the mountain you will see an old woman sitting by the lump of gold, and she will tell you what to do."

Robert thought this was a right long journey for him, but he took the bread and cheese; put on his belt and started without telling anybody goodbye. He didn't even kiss his mother goodbye. He went on and on, and was about to eat his bread and cheese when he came to the foot of the mountain, and there sat the old man, who asked him for some bread and cheese. He gave him some and the old man said he would reward him for his kindness.

Robert went on without stopping to play, and when he was one-fourth of the way up the mountain he saw the tree and the stone, as the fairy godmother had said. He took out the silver bar, put it in his belt and went on and on until he got half-way up the mountain. He saw the brass block; put it on his head, and went on, and as it never got dark on that mountain he could see as well in the night as in the day, and he never got hungry, because he ate berries from the bushes and drank water from the springs. He never thought about night, but he took time to think that it was the longest day that he

had ever spent, and when he got three-fourths of the way he saw the gloves hanging on the limb. He took them down, put them on and started again, and the last part seemed longer than all the rest. When he got on top of the mountain there was the old woman. She bade him good day and gave him something to eat and drink, and told him to rest, as she supposed he was very tired, but he was getting restless about the gold, but was afraid to ask about it. When he had rested for awhile he fell asleep and when he awoke she told him that she was now ready to tell him to take his silver bar and run it under the lump and prop up the lump with the brass block before she could tell him anything else. He asked her what service his gloves would be to him, and she told him that they would help to strengthen him to move the lump off of the mountain, and it would go straight in the path that he came in. So he started to pull and he pulled and pulled and he had to stop and rest and when he started to pull again it finally came. Then thanking the old woman for her kindness and, bidding her goodbye, he rolled the lump of gold and started out after it.

He ran so fast that it didn't take him long to get there, but just before he got to the foot of the mountain he thought his gold might roll in the river, at the foot of the mountain, and he grew very much frightened, but the old man at the foot of the mountain, caught the lump of gold for him, and this was the reward for his kindness from the old man that he had given the bread and cheese to. Robert thought that he had just been gone one day, but he had been gone a week, and his mother would have been frightened nearly to death if the fairy godmother had not told her that he had gone in search of the gold on top of the mountain, and was sure that he would be safe. They were all glad to see him when he got back, and praised him for taking such a long journey alone, and minding what his godmother told him, and he kept his lump of gold ever afterward.

had not told her that he had gone in search of the gold.

MABEL KENTRICK.

Griffin, Ga.

BASEBALL NOTES.

The Circuit of The Junior League Has Been Formed.

The managers or captains of each team in the league are requested to meet at the Junior office Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock sharp. Special business will be the object of the meeting. L. L. Harris, President.

The circuit has been arranged, and one of the objects of the meeting will be the selection of umpires, who will hold their positions for the entire season if they prove satisfactory.

The grounds where the game is to be played must be in good condition. Notice is given early so that, if the grounds are in bad condition, the boys will have plenty of time to get them in order before the first game, which is to be played on the first Saturday in May.

The ball is to be furnished by the team on whose grounds the game takes place. Each team is to furnish its own bats and gloves.

The managers of the teams are requested to correspond with the manager of the team which they are to play, and arrange all the details of the game.

The averages of the teams are to be published each week—and a correct account kept.

All the games are to take place in the morning.

The Schedule.

In the big league:
South Side Stars vs. Brisbine Park Stars, at Knapp's grounds.
Peachtree Blues vs. Boulevard Stars, at Blues' grounds.

In the small league:
North Side Crescents vs. Walker Street Stars, at Stars' grounds.
West End Hornets vs. Atlanta Juniors, at West End grounds.

Peachtree Blues, Jr., vs. Junior Stars, at Stars' grounds.

West End Stars vs. Junior Stars.

There was another game played between the West End Stars and the Junior Stars Wednesday, March 27th.

Good playing was witnessed on both sides. In the first inning the Junior tars seemed determined to carry the day, the score being 2 to 0 in favor of them, but from that time till the end of the game they lost. The score by innings was as follows:

West End Stars.....0 5 3 4 1 8 2 9 *—33
Junior Stars.....2 1 2 1 1 0 0 0—7

The principal features of the game were the batting of Ray and the base running of Nipper and James. —J. P. S.

Stars Beaten.

The South Side Stars suffered a defeat at the hands of John Murphy's "Potato Eaters," as he terms them.

The game was played on Knapp's grounds and was extremely interesting. It resulted in a score of 8 to 1, in favor of John Murphy's team.

The features of the game were the two base hits by both Kelly and Wilson and the single by John Murphy.

Murphy's team lined up: Murphy, catcher; Thiker, pitcher; Wilson, first base; Kelly, second base; Kelly, D., third base; Kernode, shortstop; Hall, left field; Kernode, J., center field; Carrol, right field.

The Junior Stars Won.

The Junior Stars, of the Junior's league, won a very exciting game Thursday evening from Master Eakin's team.

At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 16 to 8 in favor of the Stars. The Stars showed up in great shape and will make a strong team in the league. The following is the line-up:

Name.	Position.
Hutchinson..	Pitcher
Yarborough..	Catcher
Lindley..	Shortstop
Logan..	First Base
Weems..	Second Base
Griggs..	Third Base
Lively..	Right Field
Cone..	Left Field
Cowley..	Center Field
Connors..	Umpire

The Junior Stars have made a valuable addition in the way of Peter Brady. He promises to be a good player.

The North Side Crescents.

The North Side Crescents baseball team has been organized and all of the boys are fast getting into shape for the league games, and if the other teams do not keep their eyes open this team will walk away with the pennant. The team is composed of some of the best young players in Atlanta.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Reinstated in the Army and Promoted to a Captaincy.--Victory for the Man of Destiny--By John Clark Ridpath.

(Copyright, 1895, by John Clark Ridpath.)
VII.—JACOBIN AND CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY.

Bonaparte was shattered; but his case was not hopeless. He was able to leave Corsica with such a record as gave him a fighting chance for recovery. Throughout his life a fighting chance was all that he demanded. By his misconduct as an officer he had brought the disaster on himself. He had overstayed his leave of absence. He had refused to return when summoned to his command. His disobedience was rank.

Busy among the Jacobins of the Corsican towns, Napoleon had heeded not the repeated orders to return to Valence. Getting himself chosen, first major, and then lieutenant colonel, in the alleged national guards, he had undertaken to get possession of the citadel of Ajaccio, and had failed. His leadership, like a rod of glass, broke to fragments in his hands. He and the whole Bonaparte family were discountenanced, and he was glad to get away—



NAPOLEON BY WHESSEL.

being careful to carry with him a military record which he himself had prepared and the colonel of the Second battalion had signed, showing his patriotic military services and his rank as an officer. With this he would regain his lost position in the French army.

At Valence, there was still much in Napoleon's favor. The royal army was literally going to pieces. The organization of the national guard in various parts of the kingdom had drawn off many of the officers and infected many more with the disease of patriotism. The colonel of the Fourth regiment was an old royalist who had gladly cut off the Jacobin Bonaparte from his command. It was useless for the latter to return to Valence, hoping to be reinstated at such a court. He therefore made all speed to Paris, where he would have a hearing before the minister of war.

By the summer of 1792 the roaring winds of revolution were shaking not only the pinnacles, but the very foundations, of French civilization. The old order was already in ruins. Paris was in an uproar. The king and court had been obliged in the preceding autumn to leave Versailles and come, in the most remarkable procession of history, to Paris. The starving populace had gone out to the royal palace, invaded it, hoisted around it, drawn forth the king and queen and their ill-fated scion, and had hurried them off into the city, dancing about them en route and shouting in wild jocularly that now they had the baker and the baker's wife and the baker's little boy! All this wreck of royalty and nobility heaped itself up in the Tuilleries, out of which the ancient monarchy of the Bourbons looked with wan face at the weltering world. The national convention went on and on, demolishing and reforming, destroying and remorselessly casting out the old institutions of France, and in lieu thereof making a new constitution out of philosophy and paper!

It was to this Paris that Napoleon came, with a billet of dismissal and a petition for reinstatement. One war minister after another, to the number of six, had now filled the important office before which Bonaparte stood a petitioner for rehearing. The new minister was a nationalist and favorably disposed towards the Corsican adventurer; for the latter came with a haggard revolutionary face and long hair hanging to his shoulders. There was delay in the office; and Bonaparte, with his former schoolfellow and future secretary, Bourienne, was well nigh starving in the streets.

To add to his distress, the royal school for girls at Saint Cyr, under the immediate patronage of Marie Antoinette, went to pieces, like other existing things; and Elise Bonaparte was turned adrift with no friend in France except her sullen brother. To the credit of the latter, he clung to his sister, and presently took advantage of her presence to get another leave of absence, "in order to conduct her home." But he did not do so until his cause in the war office had, on the 30th of August, been decided in his favor. He was exonerated, restored to rank, promoted to a captaincy and to crown all the new commission was dated back to the preceding February.

This was a great victory for the man of destiny. He was Captain Bonaparte. Taking Elise by the hand, he sped away to Lyons and Valence—where he paused to be seen in his new regimentals—and then to Marseilles and Corsica. His return brought together at Ajaccio all the members of the family of Bonaparte. He left behind in Paris the Countess Josephine de Beauharnais, aged twenty-nine. And yonder at Vienna, in her Hapsburg cradle, nine months old, lies the girl-babe, Maria

Louise. These two shall have relations with history in the next two decades! As for King Louis, he goes down the steep, with ever-accelerated pace, from the Temple prison to the guillotine.

France had now become an ocean of molten brass, seething, bubbling, breaking along the billows into flames of lurid light. The revolution was coming to its crisis. Hunger and despair in the hearts of men had done their perfect work. War was on with Prussia and Austria and England. The emigrant nobility across the borders was in league with the enemies of the French nation. That nation had sprung up, an infuriated tigress, and was henceforth to traitors! There was intrigue between the dying court and the emigres beyond the Rhine. It was now or never! The terror came on; chateaus were flaming; the streets were slippery with red; the ax went always up and down in the Place de la Revolution; the day of death and extermination was at hand.

This condition of affairs in the extinct kingdom of the Bourbons brought the revolutionists of France and those of Corsica into closest sympathy; for Jacobinism is universal. It is simply humanity in insurrection. Whether it be in France, in Germany, in Italy, in the Mediterranean islands, in England, or the party-cursed cities of the United States, it is all the same. The only question with Bonaparte now was whether his destiny might be better attained by the leadership of the Corsican revolutionists or by allying himself with the Jacobins of Paris.

With skillful duplicity he did both. Corsica, on his return, was in a ferment. The popular party was as one with the French democrats. The national convention passed a decree that the exiled Corsican patriots might return. Paoli went home by way of Paris, where he was recognized as a hero and made lieutenant general and military governor of his native island. France was divided into departments, and Corsica was declared to be one of them.

Meanwhile, the world was turned upside down. The convention had taken the autumnal equinox of 1792 as the date of a new era for mankind. It was an epoch of universal abolition. The marvelous thing was that while the old expired under the stroke of the destroyer's wand, the new did not spring up in its place. The king was brought to trial and death. The proud daughter of Theresa went swiftly after her lord.

Moderate patriots thought France and the world were alarmed and angered. Washington would follow liberty no further. Paoli, establishing himself at Corte, stood for moderation. He was too old and conservative to be rebaptized in the muddy waters of Jacobinism. But Captain Bonaparte at Ajaccio was not of such mind and kind. He found himself at this juncture on two military steeds, both going in the same direction, but at different rates of speed. He had never resigned his position as colonel in the Corsican national guards, but he now held a commission as captain in the French army and was receiving pay from the national treasury. His captancy and his colonelcy did not consist. He temporized and intrigued with the revolutionists during the winter of 1792-93, had an interview with Paoli at Corte, departed without satisfaction, broke with the governor, who ceased to be a hero in his eyes, made a conspiracy to invade Sardinia, tried to obtain an independent command, fell under condemnation of the Paolists and in June of 1793 was obliged to leave Corsica with all the family of Bonaparte.

Napoleon arrived at Nice on the 13th of June and there rejoined his company. The Fourth regiment, to which he belonged, had been transferred to the extreme southeast as a protection against the menaces of the world along that threatened coast. The whole valley of the Rhone was aflame with the revolution. Horror on horror had been heaped throughout France. In Paris the royal family had been done to death, but on the frontier the French republican armies of Custine and Kellerman, the one at Frankfurt and the other at Valmy, after brave battles, had been pressed back from the border. Only that of Dumouriez had triumphed over the Austrians, on the bloody field of Jemmapes, establishing a line of defenses as far as Liege in Belgium and the river of Scheldt.

Meanwhile, after the execution of the king, the allied powers of Europe pledged themselves to exterminate the new French republic—terror and all—from the face of the earth. It was a thing easily promised, but difficult to accomplish. The duke of Brunswick, notwithstanding his famous proclamation against the French and the liberties of mankind, found it so to his sorrow. England having joined the coalition against the enraged republic, the latter virtually declared war against the world. Into the midst of all this confusion, uproar and insurrection of an infuriated people against kingdoms and principalities, the half-line of the solitary Corsican captain's life was now drawn—a black mark almost undiscoverable among the sketches and etchings which history was cutting for the future civilization of Europe.

Napoleon became a French republican soldier. He was a soldier of fortune in a sense more profound than that phrase had ever before conveyed. It must be confessed that the hardships and merciless conditions through which he had passed, bearing with relentless pressure on his tremendous mind—inflamed as it was with unquenchable ambition—are better calculated to excite the compassion and sympathy of after times to kindly against him that anger and censoriousness which a merely logical consideration of his shortcomings, failures and unprincipled schemes would suggest. The judgment is mitigated in contemplating such a character emerging from obscurity, under the play of com-

plex forces, into the foreground of light and action.

The regiment of Captain Bonaparte constituted a part of the army of the south, under command of General Carteaux. It was the business of this division of the French national forces to operate for the recovery of Marseilles and Toulon; for these cities were held by the enemies of France. They had fallen into the power of the English fleets, assisted by the local loyalists. The situation was striking. Patriotism was aflame in both the cities; but the representatives of the late monarchy, protected by a foreign power, were not yet down. It was out of Marseilles that, in July of the preceding year, a band of patriots, most unique and strong, had marched to Paris, singing on the way, and to the very porches of the Tuilleries, that famous war song which Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle had given to the French nation and to all free men.

So against Marseilles and Toulon, for wresting them from the English and loyalists, the forces of General Carteaux are, on the 9th of October, 1793, divided and sent. Captain Bonaparte's regiment, with others, is directed against Toulon. He is given command of a section of the artillery, and is at last in his element. Now for the first time he is able to direct a battery against the enemy, and to utter that tremendous word, "Fire!" Here and now the cloud of obscurity lifts from the life of this extraordinary character, revealing him to the world as one of the greatest in the annals of mankind.

John Clark Ridpath.

OUR JUNIOR CORRESPONDENCE.

The Junior correspondence has grown so heavy that we have found it necessary to print the short stories written by the Junior writers in another column. We want to ask all those who send us short stories to make them very short, so that all may have a chance to get their stories printed. Make them not longer than 300 words at the outside. This will give room for all.

In writing your letters always put your name and address at the top of the sheet, and write on one side of the paper only. This will save a great deal of trouble and your letter will be much easier to put in type.

Write about things that interest you, and then you will interest others. This is the surest way to write well—to write about something that you are interested in. It is also the surest way to interest the other boys and girls.

Frank Cook, Alto, Miss.—Dear Junior: I have been thinking of writing to The Constitution, Jr., but have just got courage enough.

I live in the country ten miles from the New Orleans and North Eastern railroad on a farm containing 900 acres. This country is composed of high, low and prairie land. My father lives on a hill that you can see off for a distance of fifteen miles.

Was any of you ever in a storm? If you never was you need wish to ever see one. I was in one this coming April 18th two years ago. On the 900 acres there was not one-twentieth of the trees left.

Did any of the cousins ever see a deaf and dumb person? I know a deaf and dumb that has been to school eight years.

If any of the cousins would like to see the alphabet on the hand, I enclose me a 2 cent stamp. I will answer Helen K's question: "How many times does the word Reverend occur in the Bible?" Only once: Psalm cxi, v. 9.

Now I will ask a question:

What is it that you cut off at both ends and make it longer.

Ernest Lindsey, Movilla, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been a reader of The Constitution for some time, but have never written before.

I am thirteen years old and live in the beautiful city of Fiovilla, meaning the villa of flowers. Papa is general manager of the Illinois, Southern and Florida railroad, and I enjoy riding on the car every summer.

I go hunting nearly every Saturday, and some times I kill considerable game.

Alfred L. Mack, Macon, Ga.—Dear Junior: I think the story of "Little Mr. Thimblefinger" is very interesting. My papa is a subscriber to The Constitution, and I take a great interest in the children's page.

I will try to answer J. Howard Davis's question: "How much did the United States pay for Alaska?" \$7,000,000.

Rufus O'Farrell, Athens, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am very much pleased with the Junior, and will write a short letter. I am twelve years old, and am very fond of literature.

I will try to answer one question asked by Marie Fockette:

Poor Richard was Benjamin Franklin.

I will ask one question: What man stood before five kings during his life?

Henry F. Haverly, Atlanta, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have for a long time been a quiet but constant reader of The Junior, and as I have read many letters from the readers praising the paper, I would like to say, that Junior always has something instructing as well as amusing in it, and it will do any boy or girl good to read them.

Mattie Love Scroggs, Fort Valley, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am a faithful reader of the Junior, and hail it with joy every week. As I have not seen a letter from Fort Valley, I will write one so that we will not be left out entirely.

I am a little North Carolinian. My papa was made superintendent of the schools here two years ago. We like Georgia very much.

We visited Atlanta last summer and were very much pleased with it. I think I would like to live there. We will go there again this summer.

I am ten years old and in the sixth grade at school.

I enclose 10 cents for the children's ward of the Grady Hospital. Our school here is Grady Institute. Long live the Junior.

Sallie Joe Hurst and Annie W. Bell, Waynesboro, Ga.—Dear Junior: Will you let two little girls twelve years old join your happy band. We are constant readers of the dear little paper, and take a great interest in writing you a letter.

We are members of the Waynesboro high school. We are all in love with our dear teacher, Professor Jordan H. Sanford.

It has been raining here for the last week, and we are all so tired of staying in-doors. We hope next week will bring us sunshine. We noticed that The Augusta Herald has started a Junior also, and we do hope that it will prosper as much as this one.

We will close by asking one question:

What did Daniel Webster eloquently say of Hamilton?

Ethel Johnston and Lillian Carter, Waynesboro, Ga.—Dear Junior: As we have seen but one letter from Waynesboro, we thought we would write. We look forward with pleasure to the coming of The Junior, and expect to make a book of them.

Our beloved teacher departed to the happy home above, Friday morning at 6 o'clock, and left many friends and pupils to mourn his death. His noble and honored son, Jordan, has taken his place as principal. Miss Daisy Dickinson, one of our smartest girls, we regret to say was absent a few days on account of sickness.

We expect to entertain our friends and parents with Friday exercises. We expect to have a new school house soon. It will be commenced on the 1st of April. We dearly love to come to school. We study very hard indeed.

We will close by asking a riddle:

What river is round at both ends and high in the middle?

N. Louise, Blacksburg, S. C.—Dear Junior: Am I coming too often? If so, please let me know, and I will wait longer next time.

We have no school now, but I hope it will commence again soon.

I forgot to tell my age before, and I want you all to guess at it now, will you?

Some one said something about a correspondent.

Eunice Ashbury, Clarkesville, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl four years old; I can spell but cannot write very well, so mamma has kindly consented to write for me.

My papa takes The Constitution, and there is nothing I like better than hearing the letters read from the children.

I have quite a number of story books and I get mamma to read to me every day. I can play five pieces on the piano, and have learned two pretty recitations.

I can do fancy work; I embroidered three mats, and have now begun a sofa pillow which I think will be quite pretty when finished. I have a doll larger than myself; I call her Little Sister. Mamma and papa brought her all the way from the world's fair.

I expect to visit the Atlanta exposition next fall. I will close with best wishes to The Constitution and The Junior.

Hessie Fleming, Marion, N. C.—Dear Junior: As I have never written a letter to you, I will now make the attempt to write one, but am afraid this will find its way to the waste basket.

I am fifteen years old and live in the country on the banks of the beautiful Catawba river. My work nights and mornings consists in, not holding the calf while mother milks the cow, but in milking two of the cows my own self.

Though our work is a pleasure to us in pleasant weather, yet in cold days my brother and I have some fun making molasses taffy, and then we go across the fields to feed our little calves, walk over on stilts through the mud which the bad winter has left for us.

We have for pets the chickens, ducks, pigs, lambs, etc., generally found on the farm, and have all the babies to play with that a girl with several married sisters and brothers can have.

My father takes The Constitution, and we all like to read it. I like especially "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," but as that story closed with the last issue, I will have to wait for another one which I hope will prove as interesting.

I wonder if some of the Junior cousins could send me some flower seeds of any kind? I would return the favor in any way I could. I love to have a variety of flowers to care for during the summer.

Well, I will close by asking the boys and girls a question:

From what did the word "tariff" originate?

T. Henry Husker, Fort Valley, Ga.—Dear Junior: I have been a silent admirer of the Junior, but want to answer J. Howard Davis's question:

The United States bought Alaska from Russia in 1867, and paid \$7,200,000 for it.

Where was General J. E. B. Stuart killed?

Would like to hear from some of the Junior readers.

Mamie Watson, Columbus, Miss.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl seven years old. Papa has been a subscriber to The Constitution long before I can remember.

I am going with papa next fall to the Atlanta exposition, and I hope to pay The Constitution a visit at the same time.

I have a sweet little sister, and a dear baby brother just learning to talk.

I will ask the readers of the Junior a question:

What is the meaning of the word "Mizpah"?

I send 10 cents to help toward building the children's ward in the Grady hospital.

Minnie Freeman, Tallapoosa, Ala.—Dear Junior: This is the first letter that I have written to The Junior. I live in a mile and a half of Tallapoosa, west side of Tallapoosa river, and I go to school and have a little sister to go with me, and I am twelve years old and my little sister is nine years old, and Miss Emma McCluskey is our teacher.

I will close for this time.

IN HAGENBECK'S AT NIGHT.

A menagerie at night is a strange place. The readers of The Junior, most of whom will have the pleasure of seeing Hagenbeck's wonderfully trained animal show at the exposition next fall, will be interested in the following story:

Mr. Cleveland Moffett was allowed to pass the night among the animals of the Hagenbeck menagerie, and having seen it describes it in a recent magazine article:

"There is no stranger sight in a menagerie," he declares, "than that of an elephant asleep. The huge legs are bent to right angles at the knees, and the trunk is curled into the mouth, the whole suggesting a shapeless mound of mud or clay, or a half-inflated balloon."

"It bears no resemblance to anything possessed of life, for there is not the slightest movement in any part of the big bulk, and the parts are not distinguishable in the light. Head and tail are alike; the ears lie flat; the eyes are quite concealed in the wrinkled flesh; but from somewhere within this seemingly dead mass comes a long hissing sound like the exhausts from a steam-pipe."

"This sound continues for several seconds and then stops, to be repeated after an interval of silence. So long is this interval that the regular repetition of the sound does not seem like breathing."

The visitor was provided with a small alarm clock lent him by one of the grooms of the menagerie, and was carrying this at the moment when he chanced to approach the slumbering giant. So complete is the illusion of the sleeping elephant's not being alive at all, but only a mound of dead matter, that Mr. Moffett abstractedly set the alarm clock down upon the flat bone of the animal's forehead.

"No sooner had I done so," he says, "than I sprang back startled, leaving the clock ticking on the elephant's head. There has been no noise or movement, no indication of displeasure, no effort to do me harm. But suddenly in the middle of the huge mud-colored mass, there has appeared a round, red circle about two inches in diameter. The elephant has simply opened his eye. The eye does not roll, or move, or wink. It merely remains open on me for a few seconds, a round, staring circle, and then disappears as suddenly as it came."

Capitol Avenue Literary Society.

The society died a natural death at the last meeting, held at Mr. Cam Dorsey's.

It had run out and could not survive because the members would not pay their dues. It may be reorganized late on in the summer.

M. D.

R. E. O'Donnelly.

F. S. Ellis, New York.

John Morris.

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

KEELY COMPANY

From E. S. Jaffray & Co.'s Great Liquidation Offerings.

Saturday, 11:30 p. m.

Telegram just received from our resident New York buyer, announcing that he has purchased over Ten Thousand Dollars worth of Fancy Silks, Novelty Dress Fabrics, Imported Wash Goods, Embroideries, Laces and Ribbons from the sudden liquidation sale inaugurated by the receivers of E. S. Jaffray & Co. Every thing was secured at One-third and One-half regular prices and will be retailed here in the same way. A large part of these grand merchandise trophies will arrive by express early Monday morning and be ready for sale at the opening of our doors. This is one of the most stupendous and important trade events that ever created tumult in the metropolis. Our buyer being on the spot was quick to gather the rarest plums. To-morrow and during the days to follow, we will present Dry Goods bargains that will be veritable revelations to the oldest, most experienced and economical people in Atlanta.

Dress Silks.

The imperial character of our Silk stock makes it almost imperious in its command upon your attention. You must not ignore our invitation to view this week's display if you have any care for a knowledge of the Silks of the season, or for possible economies. Unless you are a skeptic you may be gladly surprised at their cheapness, and experience the pleasure of pausing at the various magnetic counters and securing exclusive and inimitable fabrics at little prices. To classify the novelties, describe them in words—would be vain. Ere we should write and you read, the particular style would be gone. Your eyes must interpret. We've made it easy for them to do so. These may tempt you. EVERY ONE A BARGAIN.

Taffeta Silks in small checks and modest plaids, wonderfully airy and graceful, but firm and serviceable, twelve of the newest and prettiest colorings, 24 in. wide, worth 50c; Our price.....39c

Unparalleled Sale of Fine Silks at One Dollar.

Brocade Taffetas—Black Ground Taffetas with embroidered colored figures; Checked and Striped Taffetas, Faconne Taffetas, Glace Broderie Cameo Silks, Pekin Plisse Satin Crepe—French Jacquards—Pompadour Taffetas—Plain and Brocade Black Satin Duchesse—Black Satin Luxor—Black Failles—Black Imperial Gros Grains—Black Taffetas and Rhadames, worth up to \$1.50; our price.....\$1.00

Bayadere Venetian Silks, white ground, some with swivel figures, some with lacey stripes, some peculiarly checked or striped, all beautiful with delicate tints, worth 75c; Our price.....49c

Surah Silk Crepes, alligator effect, twenty-six plain colors, and Taffetas, zig-zag crinkled, solid grounds with white stripes an inch apart, 24 in. wide, worth 75c; Our price.....50c

Colored Dress Goods.

Fine Art in Dress Goods is developing every hour. The present Dress Goods interest touches England, France, Germany and several of our own American States. And today there are no twice-told tales, even though some things heretofore noticed have not been half described. Give us a few moments that we may tell you the freshest news.

Checked French Suiting and All-wool Shepherd Plaid Cheviot, refined colorings, twelve distinct styles, 36 in. wide, worth 50c; our price.....39c

French Melange Crepe and fine Cheviot Checks, a long range of mel low shades, eighteen different styles, 40 in. wide, worth 65c; our price.....49c

Pin Checked Taffetas, French Tailor Checks and new All-wool Crepon effects, sixteen original styles, 42 in. wide, worth 85c; our price.....59c

Paris Melange Dignals, Silk-and-Wool Suitings, Three-toned Checks and Figured Granite Cloth, all colors, 44 in. wide, worth \$1.25; our price.....99c

And there are other Wools. To look at them you think them constructed to express a Frenchman's contempt for the English language. Novelities—elegant idiosyncrasies without names. Fabrics that are indescribable. To the eye, solid; to the touch, a zephyr. They are wool, principally, but they shimmer and glisten and are embellished with tractable fibres of silk contrived into artistic decorative designs—dots, stripes, checks, plaids, figures and mixtures. \$1.00 up to.....\$2.50

Black Dress Goods.

Literally from the East they have come trooping, and tomorrow there will be high carnival among them. The novelty and variety of these goods tax the resources of our advertisers to adequately describe them as we desire. At best the appended quotations are but the bones to which your thought must add the remaining elements.

All-wool Black Surah Serge—pure fleece and no nonsense in the weave or dye—full of draping grace, 40 in. wide, worth 50c; our price.....35c

All-wool Mohair Brilliantine and Silk finished Henrietta, put together sturdily by best looms of France, 40 in. wide, worth 75c; our price.....50c

Brocade and Satin-dotted Armures of jettest black and rich Silk warped Henrietta Cloth, plump 42 in. wide, worth 90c; our price.....59c

Silk-finished Diagonal Brocades, easily worth 90c at 65c; Black Serges. Armures and Crepe Effects, 44 in. wide, worth \$1.00; our price.....75c

As the days go by something more will be told of the vast varieties. It must be remembered that this great gathering is the most positively rare and exclusive stock in this country. Many of the styles are here only and in very small quantities. Several important lots are passed without notice merely for lack of time and space. We show in Black forty-six variations of the Crepe motif. \$1.00 up to.....\$4.00

Black and Colored Crepons.

In a general sense the world is wearing Crepe. Crepe is emancipated—no longer limited to the sombre black of weeds and mourning. Wools, Silks and Cottons all claim its crinkles and fine little wrinkles as a feature in fashionable Dress fabrics. Crepe is Oriental in origin, but like almost every beautiful effect has been captured and enriched by Westerns all over Europe. The French have triumphed with it in Wools and christened it Crepon. We show the following:

Corrugated, Joggled, Roccoco, Rippled, Pepple, Bark and Pineapple effects—Crepon Grenadines, Silk-striped Crepons, Berege Crepons, Pelisse Crepons, Tricotine Crepons, Crocodile and Sangier Crepons. They come in black and all the Spring-time tints, cardinal, olive, pearl, gray, cerise, brown, tan and maize. 75c up to \$3.00

Every yard imported and warranted handsomest weave, best dye and unquestionably lowest priced to be found anywhere.

Skirts.

All our Skirts are modeled after the Paquin craze. They taper at the waist and flare to the bottom. We offer this week:

All-wool Storm and Surah Serge and fine Henrietta Skirts, worth up to \$8; our price only.....\$5.00

Full Circular Skirt of Black Silk, heavy and dependable quality, worth \$10.00; our price.....\$7.50

Black Mohair Brilliantine Separate Skirts, lined with percaline, worth \$11.50; our price.....\$8.50

Plain and Figured Black Satin Duchesse and All-wool Crepon Skirts, worth \$13.50; our price.....\$10.00

Godet Skirts of Black Wool Pebble and Crinkle Crepon, tailor-made, newest model.....\$12.50

Paquin Skirts of Novelty Wool Crepon, organ back, five plaits, fullest pattern, lined with hair cloth.....\$13.50

Capes and Wrappers.

Roam around the racks that hold the Spring Capes. This is something of what you'll see. There's not a dronish Style here.

Full All-Wool Cloth, Double Cape, extra full sweep, correct length, overcape and collar neatly embroidered in silk and in-laid cloth applique. A Spanish shape and one of the best sellers.....\$12.50

The popular full circle, perforated Cloth Cape, made from all-wool cloths, perforated in neat designs, satin ribbon ruffling around neck and streamers down front, lined throughout with silk.....\$12.50

Women's Cape of all-wool cloth, full sweep, correct length, deep Bourdon lace and satin ribbon quilling around yoke, satin ribbon ruffling around neck and streamers down front.....\$12.50

Full Circular Sweep Figured Satin Cape, copy from one of the Paris favorites, correct length, deep chiffon and ribbon, quilling around neck, lined throughout with satin Rhadame, streamers down front.....\$12.50

Silk Velvet Cape, very full gored, each gore finished, or, rather, joined, with cut jet; Cape jet trimmed to form a circle; neck finished with satin ruche and bows. Silk-lined.....\$12.50

Lyons Silk Velvet Cape, eight gores joined by cut jet. Across the shoulders are Vandyke points of rich black silk, each graced with jet passementerie. The neck is topped off with a charming satin ruche. Bows and jet buckle.....\$12.50

A brilliant array of Women's Ready-made Wrappers. They come in Calico, Lawn, Percale, Sateen, Challis, Cashmere, China and India Silk. Prices range from 75c to \$12.50. Beautifully trimmed and made according to the happiest and most graceful ideas.

Waists.

In addition to the Silk Waists quoted below we have a grand variety made of best Wash Goods. Every worthy style.

Handsome styles in black Surah Silk Waists, full back and front, large sleeves, worth \$5.00; our price.....\$3.75

Black India Silk Waists, made full in back and front, and with extra large sleeves, worth \$6.50, at.....\$4.50

Surah Silk Waists, black ground with colored stripes of satin, tastefully trimmed, large sleeves, worth \$7.50; \$6.00

Illuminated Striped Glace Silk Waists, choice effects, superb styles, every imaginable color, worth \$8.50; our price.....\$6.00

Beautiful Taffeta and Fancy India Silk Waists, various color combinations; French crushed collar, worth \$9.00; our price.....\$6.50

Soft Brocade, Striped and Figured Taffeta and Plaid India Silk Waists, twenty colors, large sleeves and boned, worth \$10.00, at.....\$7.50

Printed Wash Goods.

know some of the hardy hedge-flower stuffs from dainty exotics that cost perhaps five times as much. Revelations this week in myriad airy fairy Fabrics.

Jaconets, white grounds with colored zig-zag stripes, 32 in.....10c

English lawns, navy grounds, with white dots and stripes.....10c

Crinkled and chain-striped Seersuckers, all colors.....10c

Immense assortment evenly woven American Ginghams.....10c

Fine Shirting Percalines, fifty designs, 36 in. wide.....10c

Colonna Dimities, white grounds, with colored stripes.....12 1/2 c

Navy blue Lawn, white stripes and figures, 32 in.....12 1/2 c

Striped Ducks, light and dark grounds, best grades.....12 1/2 c

Ragbag Crepe in all the tints for evening wear, 30 in.....12 1/2 c

Beautiful striped Dimities, very sheer, smooth and fine.....12 1/2 c

Marquise Lawn, tinted grounds, corded and figured, 32 in.....15c

Colored Swisses with white seed dots, 32 in.....15c

Striped Piques in over sixty color combinations, 32 in.....15c

Comber Lawns—late novelties, stripes and dots, all colors.....15c

Japonette in lilac, Nile, red, yellow, blue and pink.....15c

French Batiste, white grounds, stripes and bright figures, 40 in.....10c

Stripee Plisse Novelties, twenty rich colorings.....25c

Imported Striped and Figured Dimities, white grounds.....25c

Persian Lawns and genuine French Swiss plain white.....25c

Printed French Organdies, sixty different patterns.....39c



EISEMAN BROS.

EISEMAN BROS.

EISEMAN BROS.

NEW BLOCK SPRING HATS.

Nobody makes poor Clothing. At least if there's any made it's never sold. Everybody sells the best. If it happens that a Suit is offered at four dollars ninety-nine and three-quarter cents its always because the Napoleonic "buyer" got the best of some poor slow-witted manufacturer who didn't know what his Clothing was worth.....

A closely woven texture, even, compact, strong, with a color that can battle with wind, dust, sunlight, heat, moisture, cold—that's what you must have in a Suit to render it good. Our new Spring Suits at \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18 and \$20, in Clay Worsteds, Cheviots, Tweeds, Homespuns and Summer Kerseys in black, brown, gray, drab, blue and minglings, are warranted.



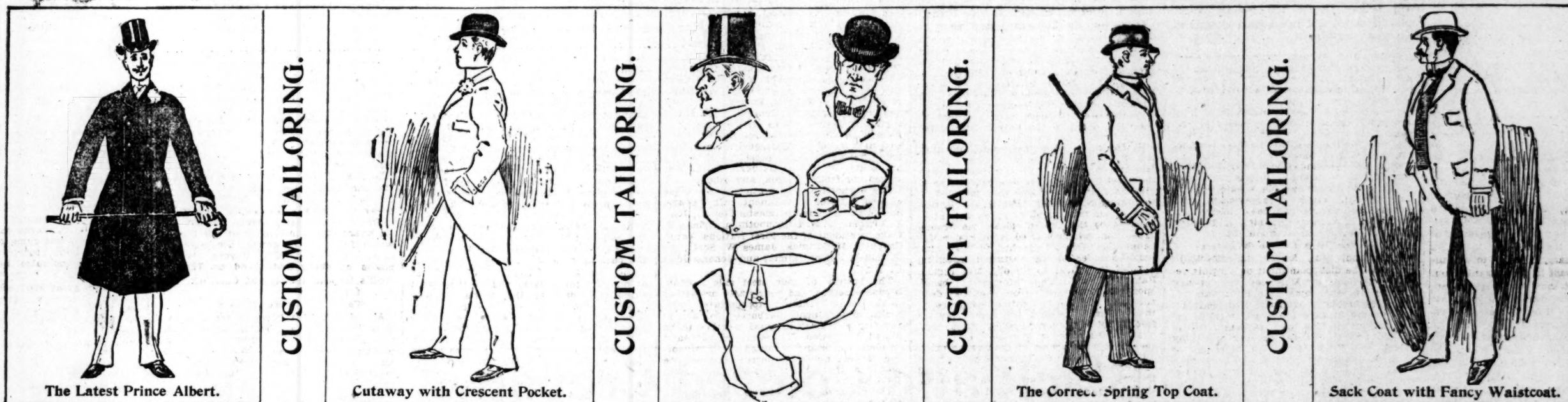
If a man doesn't care for looks he needn't mind how or of what his Clothes are made. Any conglomeration of mungo, shoddy, extract or low grade wools, slighted at every stage of its treatment for the sake of cheapness will do. It's "all-wool," and makes an excellent protection from the elements. It won't hold its shape. If it retains its color that's luck, and if it stays together for a season that's more luck.....

But if you regard appearance, and want reliable Clothing, of materials selected and handled in the manufacture with looks and durability always in view, our products are entitled to your consideration. Been making Clothing over 30 years and we claim to have won a reputation for grace, fashionableness and trustworthiness.....

Covert Cloth Oversack Coats!

They are the correct styles for the Spring Top Coat. They fill the bill completely since the ultra-fashionable as well as the quieter tastes take to them readily. A good dresser needn't hesitate to wear one of our \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15 or \$18 Oversacks. They add to the fame of this store. You're invited to see them at your convenience—but don't wait too long.....

HAVE YOUR MEASURE TAKEN IN OUR TAILORING DEPARTMENT.



THIS IS TRUE AS HISTORY.

Every day we hear the story—How is it possible you can sell your clothes so much less than other stores? It's very easily accounted for. If other stores engaged the production of mills, thousands of yards at a time, paid down spot cash as soon as the goods are delivered. If they had a score or more cutters constantly engaged providing for hundreds of makers and sewers. If they bought only the most reliable cloths. If they required the best workmanship and paid prices to warrant only the finest. If they cut off all intermediate profits, leaving but the one—the manufacturers'. Last of all, if they are willing to sell at the small margin of profit that we do. Then, and not till then, could they begin to compete with our great business.

Five Hundred Men's All-Wool Suits at \$10, worth \$15.

They come in Fancy, Diagonal and Plain Black and Blue Cheviots.

Three Hundred Men's All-Wool Trousers at \$2.50, worth \$4.

Various color combinations in neat hair-line cluster stripes.

Boys' Combination Suits!

Handsome styles, in Cheviots, Homespuns, Cassimeres and Tweeds, including an extra pair of Trousers; sizes, 4 to 16 years, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50. Not a Suit in the lot but would be exceptional value if the price was a third more. Each day develops proof which sustains the claim we've always made that leadership rightfully belongs to this store.....

Six Hundred Boys' Drab Corduroy Trousers at 50c, worth \$1.00.

They range in size from 4 to 15 years—great for school.

EISEMAN BROS.

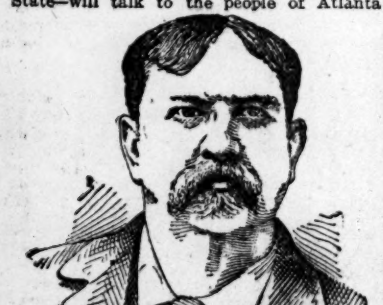
EISEMAN BROS.

EISEMAN BROS.

15 and 17 WHITEHALL STREET.

HUBBARD AND THE ORIENT.

The Brilliant Texan Will Lecture Upon an Interesting Topic.



One of the most brilliant orators that the south has produced—a Georgian who has won eminence and fame in the Lone Star State—will talk to the people of Atlanta this week upon a subject which is just now of very great interest.

It is natural that a deep interest should be felt in the man. He is a native Georgian, a graduate of Mercer, and the close personal friend of ex-Governor Northern and other prominent men. He went to Texas while little more than a youth, but his ability was at once recognized and before he was twenty-five he was United States district attorney. Of course, he was in the Confederate army. He commanded the Twenty-second Texas Infantry and won distinction. After the war he went back to the law and naturally drifted into politics. In 1876 he was president of the state democratic convention and was nominated by acclamation to be lieutenant governor. In 1878 he became governor and it is recorded that his administration was one of signal success. In 1879 he delivered his famous centennial oration at Philadelphia, which was translated into many languages and brought hundreds of thousands to Texas to live. That oration placed him alongside of the truly great orators of the south and the union. In 1879 he retired to private life. In the national democratic convention of 1880 he seconded, with Senator Daniel, of Virginia, the nomination of General Winfield Scott Hancock for president. His speech on that memorable occasion did more to nominate that superb soldier than did any other. It was a thrilling and powerful appeal from the south in Hancock's behalf. In 1884 Governor Hubbard was elected temporary chairman of the national democratic convention which nominated Grover Cleveland for president. On Cleveland's election he was appointed

United States minister to Japan; served four years with great honor to himself and to his country; he knew no party or sectional lines in that foreign land, and left there beloved by all people of his own country and of Japan; he returned to the United States in 1888, and to the retirement of private life. As a lecturer on the platform, within a career of barely six months, he has gone to the front, as his audiences in numbers and culture everywhere attest. A report of this lecture on Japan, which appeared in The Galveston News, said: "Ex-Governor Hubbard lectured at Glennwood park last evening to a crowded house, in which were the governor of the state and nearly all the members of the state convention, now in session at the capitol. It was one of the most superb and scholarly and really eloquent lectures ever heard in this city. The principal theme of his lecture was the future commercial relations of the south with the six hundred millions of the orient, consequent on the opening of our deep water ports for great ships and Nicaragua ship canal, connecting the two oceans. It was a graphic picture, full of statistics and arguments to show that the south and west will then control the merchant marine of the Pacific and the channels of oriental commerce be changed from the Suez canal to the Nicaragua transit. His lecture was full of humor, bristling over, as well as presenting the highest type of southern oratory of the old school."

IN MEMORIAM
To Maggie Belle Vernoy, Died March 27, 1895.
Maggie Belle, sweet infant child, Loved by friends as well as kin, Was beckoned by death's icy hand From a weary world of sin.
He who lent has recalled her Back with him and his to dwell; Numbering among God's holy ones, Thou art now, sweet Maggie Belle.
Tender life, so like a flower, Nipped from earth to bloom above; From a world of pain and sorrow, And from kindred's fondest love.
Angel of death! O cruel creature, Ah, so well thy mission done; Snatched her from the arms of evil— In thy glorious victory won.
Father, mother, cease thy weeping, Sweet is her eternal sleep; Ceaseless tears are unavailing— Holy angels round her keep.
Vague sweet memories fondly cherished Alas, oblivion's hand has away; Fondest hopes from earth had perished When that young Rosa Lee Lambert.
Important Change in Business.
The Guarantee Clothing Company, anticipating a change in their business, will, on Monday, April 1st, commence to close out their entire stock of \$25,000 worth of fine tailor-made clothing for men, boys and children at and below cost. This is a good chance to buy a suit for Easter. Special inducement is offered to country merchants by calling on the Guarantee Clothing Company, 14 Whitehall street.

AN INTERESTING MEETING.
A Successful Series of Meetings at the First Christian Church.
A very interesting meeting, conducted by Dr. Williamson, Thomas and Irvine, assisted by Professor Ewing in the song service, has been in progress at this church since last Sunday. There have been about twenty additions to the congregation and the meetings will continue through this week every evening at 7:45 o'clock.
There will be baptismal services tonight and also tomorrow night. The subject of this morning's discourse will be "The Lord's Supper," and tonight Dr. Williamson will speak on "The New Birth." There will be a Sunday school rally this morning, and many new pupils are hoped for. The Sunday school under the efficient management of Mr. W. S. Bell, is growing rapidly, and has more than 300 pupils enrolled. The hearty congregational singing is quite a feature of the meeting.
If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Chamberlain's Little Liver Pills. They will please you.

CLEVELAND IS COMING.
The Minstrel Company Bearing His Name the Attraction of the Week.
Cleveland's minstrels will visit Atlanta this week.
This year the hustling manager brings his "All United" show, which is pronounced the best he has ever had. Indeed, it is a combination of three enterprises—a white minstrel company presenting modern minstrelsy in up-to-date fashion; a company of colored minstrels giving the old-time plantation sketches; and Ben Zong Zong's Arab circus.
It is claimed that the troupe comprises seventy-five people. It will give two performances at the Grand on Friday, opening with a matinee. A parade is scheduled for noon of that day.
The profit is made in buying. Close prices at the looms with cash to discount every bill is the secret of our low prices on the very best goods. See and price is all we ask. Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

MILLINERY OPENING.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY
APRIL 1, 2 AND 3
Miss Mary Ryan
45 WHITEHALL

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SHE WEDS ONCE MORE

Mrs. Harcourt Has Secured a Divorce and Will Marry This Week.

HER FATHER IS MAYOR OF GRAND RAPIDS

This Time She Marries a Lawyer, and There Is a Story as to How They Met and Loved.

She has secured a divorce—pretty Mrs. Harcourt, the wife of Edwin Harcourt, the convict swell.

But that is not all—she is to be married—this dainty, blue-eyed, fair-haired young woman, whose vicarious suffering, as she made it appear, during her stay in Atlanta some months ago, appealed to the sympathetic hearts of those who heard her plaint and gained admission for her into the home of the friendless.

It is another chapter in the career of this romantic and attractive young woman, but not those that know Mrs. Harcourt are not surprised, for she has a cruel faculty for crushing hearts, and has figured in a series of sensations that stamp her as a woman of remarkable interest.

This week she will wed Mr. Louis Spencer Daniel, lawyer, lecturer and journalist, who is now a prominent young citizen of Clarksville, Tenn.

This last conquest of Mrs. Harcourt has met the approval of the wealthy papa, who has been so long estranged, because of her elopement with Edwin Harcourt, and he has given his consent for her to return with her prospective husband to his home in Big Rapids, Mich., of which city he is now the mayor.

A PAUPER MILLIONAIRE

The strange story of a pauper's blighted life was told first in The Constitution, and the fact, as then told, that he was not a stranded actor, but the son of H. T. Buckner, a millionaire merchant of New York, caused a wide sensation.

Harcourt, or Buckner, as his name really is, grew up surrounded by all the luxuries he could desire. His father was and is now a member of one of the largest mercantile establishments in New York.

But the young man was wayward as well as brilliant. He traveled abroad, and when he returned his father reproved him for his reckless habits. His pride was high, and a quarrel with his father followed which ended in his being denounced and disowned by his father. He then went to Chicago, and connected himself with a company going south. The troupe was on several nights at Knoxville, and during one performance the girls of a female seminary attended in a body.

With them was Miss Edith Mal Shields, whose father, James Shields, was prominent and wealthy.

The young lady was only fifteen, but she was remarkably pretty, and her vivacious manner made her a favorite wherever she was known.

That night at the theater the splendid physique and handsome countenance of Buckner, who had assumed the name of Harcourt, dazzled her school-girl eyes and added her young affections.

In some way they met. Admiration was mutual, and she consented to elope from the institution. When this happened and her father found it out, he stormed with rage, and swore a good, round oath that she should never return to his roof.

A PENURIOUS PAIR

It was a state of affairs. The families of both were wealthy, yet neither could count upon even a small supply of shekels.

Harcourt continued on the stage, and his wife accompanied him, though, according to her own statement made while in Atlanta she never appeared before the footlights herself.

After a tour of three months Mrs. Harcourt was deposited in a small town in Tennessee, where her husband continued his checkered career.

That Columbus Trip. He came to Columbus, Ga. The incidents of his stay there are well remembered. His lordly manner and fine address gained him entry into the best circles. He represented himself as unmarried, and was, in fact, a wonderful progress with a young society woman of that place.

One day Harcourt disappeared. The young lady raised the alarm. He had skipped with her jewels, which she had given him in a spirit of fun during an afternoon visit.

He was chased down, captured and sentenced to one year of hard labor.

Scarcely a year ago he was brought to Atlanta, where he was placed in the convict camp of the Chattahoochee brick yards.

He is there now, pining, suffering and sad. Mr. Louis Spencer Daniels appears.

During the while the wife was rusticated near Clarksville, Tenn., blissfully unaware of the doing of her liege, until one day a paper containing an account of the Columbus sensation dropped into her hands.

She was horrified, grieved, prostrated. It was natural at first, but with characteristic fickle femininity she wiped her sorrow away and became a new-made woman. In fact, she determined to get a divorce at once, and with that purpose in view strove into the office of Mr. Louis Spencer Daniels.

The young man is known in Atlanta, and has a number of college mates here who remember him as a fellow of enthusiastic nature. He comes from a good family.

The young woman made a deep impression upon the lawyer, and he agreed to give up the papers necessary to secure the divorce.

In the meantime he became so infatuated that he asked her to marry him the moment the divorce was granted.

HER TRIP TO ATLANTA

But Mrs. Harcourt reconsidered. Mr. Daniels had an engagement to talk over matters one day. She did not come. He began inquiries. It was learned that he had taken a sudden departure—whence he did not know.

It was at this time that the appealing smile of the young woman showed itself in Atlanta. She visited Chief Connolly, cried and wept piteously, as she told that she had determined to stay near her husband in his distress, when she could make daily visits to him and comfort him.

She told the newspaper men of her inexorable papa, and sympathy was so excited that there was concerted action to care for her while in Atlanta.

A place in the Home for the Friendless was secured, and the young woman was made to the scene of Harcourt's confinement. There was something in her pitiful situation—her apparent tender devotion to the actor, and his luckless life that seemed sad.

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After remaining in Atlanta for several months, she made, one morning, a hurried and unexpected departure from the home of the friendless.

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Atlanta Patrolmen Take the Oath of Office Before Chairman Johnson.

THE MAKEUP OF THE DETECTIVE FORCE

There Were Some Changes, and Joe Green and Looney Were Reduced to the Ranks—What the Men Say.

The Atlanta police force was sworn in yesterday. Shortly after 3 o'clock 150 men gathered in the room of the recorder and took solemn oaths before Chairman Johnson and Secretary Brannan to do their full duty and to protect the lives and property of the citizens.

Short speeches were made by Mr. Johnson, Mr. Brannan and Chief Connolly. Then the men scattered and began to discuss the situation.

During the afternoon Chief Connolly and Chief Wright were in consultation concerning the makeup of the detective force and the assignment of patrolmen to the different wards.

Last night the force of detectives was decided upon. Three of the best known men were dropped to the ranks. Detectives Looney, Joe Green and E. E. Holcomb will hereafter carry a patrolman's club. Green Conn, formerly chief of the county police, was promoted to the detective department.

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All of the men were lined up in double rank before the place from which Judge Cason had been dropped. Before the patrolmen, however, the officers were sworn. Chief Connolly took the authorized oath and was followed by Chief Wright and the other officers. Then came the captains with Manly in the middle and Joiner and Jennings on each side.

THEY CALLED FOR THE CHAIRMAN

After the formality of initiation was finished and the ranks broken loud cries came from all parts of the hall for Chairman Johnson. Mr. Johnson declined at first, but the men were persistent in calling for a speech.

The chairman began by advising the patrolmen to go into their work for the new term with the intention of doing their duty to the fullest extent. He was going to see that each man came up to the full requirements of the rules laid down by the commissioners. When the patrolmen were sworn, they should remember that it was a serious matter to do the work they had sworn to do.

A great responsibility rests upon each of you," continued Mr. Johnson. "It is a double responsibility, for your success means my success and your failure means my failure."

"It is an assurance of one thing, and that is that every man connected with the department will be protected. I shall see that the officers deal fairly with the men and that the men shall respect and yield to the commands of their superiors."

Chairman Johnson said that at the only fault the commissioners had to find with the force at present was the habit of the patrolmen to talk on the street with citizens. This must be remedied. A patrolman on duty should give polite attention to all questions, but the great enemy of the force was to stop and engage in conversation on any subject that was not in reference to duty.

"The eyes of all Atlanta," he went on, "are centered upon this department. We will be watched continuously and critically. Recent events have shown how important it is that the force be at all times ready to emphasize that importance by good conduct."

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The Road Registration. The registration for the paving bond will be held at the city hall tonight at 8 o'clock. The registration has not been as large as the friends of the bonds desired and it is hoped that the result will be. It was hoped by the advocates of the issue that the registration would reach about 100, but the total number of registrations is 737, of which thirty-seven are negroes.

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The order was passed, and the road can be shut out from building in the event the Consolidated does not see fit to build.

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RECEIVER WANTED.

The Westminster Land Company Brought Into the Courts Yesterday.

THE STOCKHOLDERS ALLEGE FRAUD

They Want a Receiver Appointed to Conduct the Company's Business—To Be Heard April 6th.

A petition for a receiver for the Westminster Land Company, filed in the superior court yesterday morning by stockholders of the company, makes some lively legal literature.

The petition set forth that on or about the first day of March, 1931, H. L. Woodward, George E. Hoppie, Henry Lanier and W. M. Goldsmith, and certain other parties, associated themselves together for the purpose of getting up a land company or corporation to buy a certain tract of land, lying in land lot 138, of the fourteenth district of Fulton county, and containing eighty acres of land.

The petitioners alleged that the company was organized for the purpose of getting up a land company or corporation to buy a certain tract of land, lying in land lot 138, of the fourteenth district of Fulton county, and containing eighty acres of land.

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KILLED BY A CAR

A Negro Boy Tried to Cross a Street and Was Killed.

Macon, Ga., March 30.—(Special.)—A horrible accident occurred here last night, the result of which was the death of a young boy.

A car which was being operated by Motorman H. B. Brown, of the Macon and Indian Spring street electric railway, this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

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 At these reduced rates all subscriptions must be paid in advance.
 Contributors must keep copies of articles. We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and will do so under no circumstances unless accompanied by return postage.

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 JACKSONVILLE—H. Drew & Co.
 CINCINNATI—J. R. Hawley, 165 Vine St.
 NEW YORK—Brentano's, 134 Fifth Avenue.
 CHICAGO—P. O. News Company, 31 Adams Street; Great Northern Hotel.
 SAN FRANCISCO—R. C. Wilbur.
 PHILADELPHIA—A. P. Kemble, corner Lancaster Avenue and Baring Street.

12 CENTS PER WEEK.

For The Daily Constitution, or 10 cents per calendar month. Sixteen cents per week for The Daily and Sunday Constitution, or 7 cents per calendar month delivered to any address by carrier in the city of Atlanta. Send in remittance at once.
 Do not pay the carriers. We have regular collectors.

24 PAGES

ATLANTA, GA., March 31, 1895.

All's Well That Ends Well.

The good people of Atlanta and their officials get along, as a rule, more harmoniously than other communities, but occasionally there is a slight ripple on the surface, and during the past few days we have had something of the sort in our police circles.

Now that everything has been happily and satisfactorily settled, leaving everybody in the best possible humor, some of the talk of the past week seems rather wild and ridiculous. It was said on the street corners that there would be a prolonged deadlock in the police commission; that factional differences would be engendered; that there was danger of losing our old and experienced police officers and men, and that their places would be filled by an untried force.

Captain English cut the Gordian knot of the whole business when he unselfishly threw his personal interests overboard and declined to be any longer a candidate for the chairmanship.

In retiring from the office which he has filled so worthily and well for the past thirteen years, Captain English lays down the gavel with the consciousness of having discharged his duty without fear or favor, and with the knowledge that his fellow citizens heartily endorse his conduct. He has made not only a clean record, but a bright record—one that he may well be proud of—and he now has more friends at his back than he ever had before.

His successor, Chairman Johnson, takes the chair with the confidence and good will of the public. He is an energetic man of the people—a self-made man, thoroughly identified with Atlanta—and it goes without saying that he will do his level best to maintain the high official standard of his predecessor. In this he will be cordially supported by the commissioners and the people.

We do not look for any factional divisions growing out of the recent disagreement in the police commission. The compromise settled everything. The prophets of evil were disappointed. Not a man was dropped from the regular force to make place for a new favorite, and only a few changes were made in the distribution of offices.

The thing to do now is to pull together. That is the Atlanta way, and during our exposition year it is more important than ever that we should get together and have perfect harmony. With the example set by Captain English, we do not believe that our officials and citizens will allow any factional discord to interfere with our prosperity and progress. Let us revive our old-time spirit of comradeship and pull together. That is the way to win.

Another Object Lesson.

We have received the eighth annual report of the Mexican National Railroad Company for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1894, from President W. G. Raoul. The report is very complete, giving a detailed statement of the operations of the company, earnings and expenses, and the showing made will undoubtedly be very satisfactory to the owners of the property.

We desire to briefly notice the gross earnings and the gain of the main line, which is given in Mexican currency based on silver. The total gross earnings in 1893 were \$3,977,370.05. The total gross earnings in 1894 were \$4,112,088.52. The gain in net earnings for 1894 was \$1,920,138.93; the gain in 1893 was \$1,656,531.80; increase of 1894 over 1893, \$263,597.13.

It will be remembered that two years ago Mr. Raoul was probably one of the strongest good men in this state. The Constitution has from time to time noticed what he has to say about his change of sentiment in regard to silver and bimetalism. We are not surprised that he should have altered his opinion on the currency question when he is able to make such a showing with his road. Mr. Raoul is an accomplished railroad man, and much of the improvement in his business is undoubtedly due to his good management; but we have some magnificent railroad men in the United States, with splendid railroads, whose balance sheets show as great a loss if not greater than Mr. Raoul's does gain. These facts we give to let our people understand that the present financial

system, the continued issuance of bonds on our part and the determination of Mr. Cleveland and his followers to force this country to the gold standard alone, are the sole cause of our trouble. It not only affects the railroads here, but the price of every commodity in the land, and while the men who own the bonds, by the enhancement of the value of their money, are getting all the benefits of it, the owners of the commodities of the country, the owners of the land, the owners of our manufacturing establishments, are cramped to death by this unnatural policy.

How long will our people submit quietly to such squeezing for the benefit of the foreign bondholder?

Down in the Wiregrass.

Our readers will miss a good thing if they overlook in this issue the first of a series of letters from the wiregrass region of Georgia, by Mr. P. J. Moran. The Constitution's accomplished staff correspondent.

In the letter on another page Mr. Moran gives a bird's-eye view, so to speak, of Wayne county, and the picture presented is a very attractive one. The farmers in this favored locality are happy and prosperous, with substantial bank deposits and an abundance of the good things of life.

The story of Mr. Reddick's big sheep farm cannot fail to interest our readers, and the figures given in regard to the wool industry will be a revelation to many. It seems that the wool crop brings about \$17,000,000 a year into Georgia under the present tariff, but under the McKinley tariff it yielded more than double that sum. In fact, our sheep growers will probably lose about \$22,000,000 this year and this large amount will go into the pockets of the eastern woolen mill owners, who are the only beneficiaries of free wool. This is of course unjust to our farmers, who have to pay high prices for manufactured woolen goods, which are still protected.

Yet the farmers in Wayne and other counties in southern Georgia are getting along splendidly. They make money out of their mutton and wool because they need no shelter for their sheep and have good pasturage all the year round. They send big droves of fine ewes to market, and their lumber, turpentine, long staple cotton, fruit and syrup bring them large cash returns. Southern Georgia is the great naval stores region of the republic, and this industry is better than a gold mine.

Long staple cotton is steadily increasing its area. Formerly it was mainly confined to the sea islands, but it is now grown in about one-third of the state. Last year 70,000 bales of this grade of cotton were received at Savannah, and this year there will be an increase of 15,000 or 20,000 bales. As it averages from 10 to 20 cents a pound, it will be seen that it is a very profitable crop.

But we do not propose to synopsise our staff correspondent's letter. It is full of instructive and entertaining figures and facts, and should be closely read and studied. The possibilities of the wiregrass region can hardly be overestimated. It is literally a land of milk and honey, with a balmy climate, a fertile soil and a variety of products which keep the ready cash jingling in the pockets of the south Georgia farmers from the beginning to the end of the year. We feel confident that the remaining letters of the series will be eagerly looked for.

Business Here and Elsewhere.

The commercial agencies of Dun & Co. and Bradstreet report a steady revival of business for the past three weeks and they make a gratifying showing for Atlanta and other leading southern cities.

With this testimony before us and a rising market for staple products and real estate and better prices for iron and coke, it is plain that the business of the country is on the up grade. Our great industries are employing more men and preparing to increase their output.

Here in Atlanta the situation is wonderfully improved, and even the pessimists admit that the outlook is bright. The big real estate sale, the other day, made it evident that city lots are in demand. The property brought good prices, and several of the purchasers in the course of a day or two resold at a fine profit.

The fact cropped out in a talk at the exposition headquarters last Friday that business in Atlanta is on the up grade, and the interviews with our merchants printed in The Constitution the same day showed that trade has improved wonderfully. The exposition is rapidly employing hands, and the idle men seen standing on the street corners a few weeks ago have nearly all disappeared. Building is going on in every locality and new residences are going up on every street, to say nothing of other improvements. Building material and labor, as Mr. Frank Rice remarked to the exposition directors, can be had 10 per cent cheaper now than they can be had a few weeks hence.

New firms are opening their doors and the old ones are busier every day. Few idle men are to be seen, and the indications are that the usual dull season in the summer will skip this year. This local activity and prosperity must of course be credited to the exposition. Very few of our people realize yet what a big thing it will be and what a far-reaching effect it will have upon our growth and prosperity. So far as Atlanta is concerned, the hard times period is over. We have met the depression when it was at its worst, and conquered it.

The faint-hearted will now feel the reviving touch of confidence and go to work with renewed energy. From this time on we may look forward to a crowded mart; streets filled with shoppers; rising buildings on every hand; an increased demand for labor; a rush of new homeseekers, and the ring of

countless hammers will make music in the air.

Long before the gates of the exposition open the ghost of hard times will be laid to rest, and the calamity howlers will all swear that our prosperity is the direct result of their untiring efforts to restore confidence and revive trade and industry. So be it. There is room for all and enough for all in this favored city.

The Carnival Feature.

Nothing proposed for adjunct attractions to the exposition has caught the popular fancy more than the fair carnival. The exposition committee on amusements discussed the subject fully and the executive board endorsed it and called a meeting of all citizens interested, to be held at the Chamber of Commerce, on Friday next, at 11:30 a.m.

From all sides come popular endorsement of the idea, and in very enthusiastic terms. This is natural, for there is no public amusement so suggestive of glitter and delight as a carnival pageant, and certainly none that is so certain to attract a great throng of the best class of pleasure seekers. Atlanta's central seat and ease of access by tens of thousands who have heard of a great crole carnival assure her a visiting throng in excess of those that visit the native home of these pageants.

The Constitution has already advised the prompt action of the business interests of Atlanta. The matter is one which cannot be undertaken by the exposition board, for obvious reasons. A carnival association, separate and distinct, and with its own officers and membership, is what is needed. This can readily be formed, and it should consist of live and representative men, who will see that any pageant given is at least the equal of any that has yet been seen in America. This is the only way to give a carnival which will redound equally to the credit and to the profit of the city. For such a one the means can readily be found; and there should be no delay in its commencement, should Friday's meeting decide on a fair carnival.

Two Epoch Makers.

Will the Japanese assassin's bullet shake the nerve of Li Hung Chang? Will Count Ito yield to the hoarse cry of the rabble and make the entry of the Japanese into Peking one of the conditions of peace? Will the Chinese empire be dismembered?

These and other questions will be decided by the peace conference at Shimonoeki, and until it finishes its labors there will be anxiety and suspense in more than one of the world's great capitals. The conference is in itself a battle, but it is a battle royal between two keen intellects. There are no cavalry charges, no rattle and clash of sabres, no thunderous roar of cannon, but the two men facing each other at Shimonoeki hold in their hands the thunderbolts of war, and they may hurl them at any moment. Despite the peaceful and luxurious surroundings of these two men, they are playing the game of war on the biggest scale that has been seen in this generation, and no gladiators of old in a fight to the death ever commanded the attention of so many spectators.

We have here matched against each other the unscrupulous cunning of a dying civilization—the oldest 'in the world'—and the impetuous and masterful energy of a newborn power flushed with victory. In the words of a thoughtful observer of this great struggle, the ears of kings and leaders are listening through thousands of miles of wire to every word spoken at Shimonoeki. They are listening in the palace of the czar, in the parliament of England, in the German reichstag and in the French chambers. In the barracks of these great governments soldiers are whetting their swords and big ships are straining at their cables waiting for a signal that shall call them to action.

What will be the end of it all?

Alabama and Atlanta.

A convention will meet on Tuesday, at Birmingham, which may prove of much interest to Atlanta and of great results to Alabama. It is composed of delegates from the commercial and industrial bodies of that state and the mayors of the several cities or their representatives. Its main object is the discussion and perfecting of a plan by which Alabama may be properly represented at the exposition.

It will be remembered that a committee of the exposition directors, headed by President Collier, visited Montgomery during the last session of the legislature. They received verbal backing, and the legislators declined all action upon a state exhibit as such and at the proper cost of the state. The popular voice of Alabama was raised in protest against the non-action, saying that it repeated "the Chicago shame," when the impending force bill was used as excuse to kill the appropriation bill for the world's fair. The result of this popular outcry, and of the discussion it provoked, has been to call more general and direct attention to live Alabamians to air exposition and to the great advantages it offers them and their state. The commercial bodies and the separate cities responded promptly to the suggestion of the Birmingham Commercial Club; representative delegates have been chosen, and the convention of Tuesday next will doubtless settle the question.

All indications seem to point to a favorable result—a practical display of the ores, coal, building stones and other mineral products of Alabama, of her vast forestry resources and her less known but largely valuable cereal and grazing possibilities.

It will be a sad day for their state if the effort of these earnest Alabamians can be nullified by the sloth, or the vis inertia of their people. It is her boast today that Alabama can sell pig iron in Pittsburgh cheaper than it can be made there; that she can store steam-coal in ships' bunkers at Mobile at

prices lower than Newport News; that she has the best and largest lumber facilities of any state on the gulf of Mexico.

More than this, Mobile has long claimed to be the natural port of the great granary and meathouse of the west, because she has shorter and straighter lines to Chicago and because her port charges are the cheapest on the gulf. And she further claims—and has lately proved by absorbing a large share of New Orleans' fruit trade—that she has the shortest line of water traffic with South and Central America. These things are geographic facts. Alabama can make them commercial facts by a little effort; and, commercially regarded, Mobile is Alabama. All her business roads lead to the Rome of her port.

In and great degree Mobile may become the port of Atlanta and of our great outgoing trade, as well as the "port of Chicago." If she takes the proper and the practical steps to explain and to prove the truth of her situation, commerce now seeking the new American fields will make its entry through Mobile. To such an end to the advancement of her vast natural wealth as has never before been possible the Atlanta exposition offers the great opportunity. Here will congregate the earnest and curious people of the South and Central American republics. They will have their own display, for our information, but their eyes will be wide open for all information which betters their own rates of buying and for carriage.

These things Alabama should consider gravely. Her convention of next Tuesday at Birmingham should formulate its plan, direct and practical plan, and the people behind it who make anything to sell and who have anything to buy should hold up the hands of their working representatives by every means in their power.

Atlanta has given her cordial invitation to the sister next door to her. She has thrown her doors wide to receive and to display any and all products and to promulgate all commercial facts about Alabama. The rest that state must do for herself, and she can do it very easily and to her own present and future profit, if she only will do it.

The Notes of Spring.

The impression that the weather makes on the mind is that spring has come, and yet recent experience warns us to accept the fact somewhat doubtfully, if it be a fact. It is true that some of the more susceptible shrubs and trees are making a great effort to array themselves in leaf and flower, but the close observer cannot fail to note that the older and more conservative trees are showing a good deal of hesitation. They are beginning to show signs of a willingness to yield a little to the courtship of the sun, but it seems that they cannot forget the fickleness that has characterized their wooer on other occasions as promising as the present.

Even the wild plum has betrayed surprising coyness, and is now in this latitude blooming with the peach. Usually the plum has bloomed and shed her blossoms by the time the orchards have clothed themselves in pink, but this year the order has been changed, and the wild beauty is as diffident as her more cultivated neighbor.

Already the plants that have been sleeping in their beds during the hard winter have begun to open their eyes, and the result is worth waiting for. Potted plants and paper flowers who may always have with you. As substitutes for those that lift themselves out of the warm bosom of the garden, they do passing well. They are hints; they are reminders; but they lack the favor as well as the beauty of the genuine children of the soil.

Gentle reader, do not fret because we have placed paper flowers and potted plants in the same category. Give us the privilege, in some things, of being old-fashioned. The hyacinth, for instance, that has been forced into a gaudy existence in a pot lacks the exquisite delicacy and the indescribable aroma that belong to those that grow as the seasons permit.

But we did not intend to flout beliefs or offend tastes. Our main business is with the spring—the spring the weather bureau has been giving us, but the season that drifts downward from the sun and rises upward from the soil. We doubt not that today the bubbly blossom is in bloom. A later generation, ticklish in the extreme and hysterical, has named this blossom the sweet shrub, but old-fashioned people are content with the old names close to the sweet shrub, the dogwood and the maple are beginning to make a brave show, and soon the pine, which refuses to take down its flag as a tribute to winter, will begin to take on a tender tint. And in a little while the oaks and the hickories will greet the returning season with their green and unadorned leaves.

Meanwhile the sun shines warm as in June, and the west wind would be balmy if it were not burdened with the haze of many burning brush piles. So industrious are the farmers in this matter that the sun sets as mild, as round and as red as any moon, and the children can look at him without blinking or shading their eyes. Thus we have the tokens of spring, the glow of summer and the haze that marks the fall of the year.

There is great commotion among the birds. The English sparrows, noisy and perverse, are holding conventions in the shade trees and the more respectable members of a disreputable species are wallowing in the streets and taking dust baths. Further out in the suburbs the jays are becoming boisterous, calling to each other vociferously and ruffling their topknots in a warlike manner. In and out of the woodpile Johnny and Jenny Wren are peeping, whereby hunting for a woodswallow or preparing to go housekeeping, no man knows. In the privet hedge the brown thrush is hopping nimbly about, and directly under him a lonely sparrow is flitting the leaves about with a hop, skip and a jump.

It will be a sad day for their state if the effort of these earnest Alabamians can be nullified by the sloth, or the vis inertia of their people. It is her boast today that Alabama can sell pig iron in Pittsburgh cheaper than it can be made there; that she can store steam-coal in ships' bunkers at Mobile at

except the Joree stop to listen. With the Joree it is always business before pleasure.

The bustle among the feathered tribe is tremendous, but it all seems to be experimental. The birds as well as the older trees appear to be waiting until after the first full moon in April, which is the scientific weather observers know, is an event of great importance to the vegetable world. Somehow or other, for a few days after the first full moon of April the swinging world appears to strike a cold wave, and it frequently happens that a freeze or a frost overtakes tender vegetation.

But let us not look forward to a gloomy possibility. Rather let us get all we can out of the beauty and promise of today. The one fact to congratulate ourselves on is that after all the hard weather of winter, the driving sleet and the chilling winds, spring is here in person and not by proxy. The thing to do is to enjoy it and make the most of it.

Cotton and Silver.

We observe that Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, who is unknown to the public as an authority on finance, is quoted to show that there is no connection between the price of cotton and the value of silver. Mr. Nelson may serve the goldbugs as an authority on finance, but on this particular matter all the facts of recent history and all the experience of financial students are against him. Even as we are putting these lines on paper word comes from Wall street that there has been a rise in silver, a rise in the price of cotton and an upward movement in the price of stocks. More than this, word comes that experienced dealers in Wall street attribute the sudden upturn in stocks to the increased value of silver. Why? Because silver, being a money metal, an increase in its value means a corresponding decrease in the value of gold, an average corresponding increase in the value of things that are exchangeable in gold.

It is perfectly true that this connection between silver and the staple commodities is not always momentary and invariable, but it is invariable when we take the prices of commodities by periods. We are of the opinion that Mr. Carlisle knows as much about the matter as Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson. At least, he knows enough not to tamper with facts and figures in an official publication. In the United States statistical abstract for 1893, issued under the supervision and direction of Secretary Carlisle are to be found the following figures showing the depreciation of wheat, cotton and silver since 1873, the date of the demonetization of silver:

Year.	Wheat	Cotton	Silver
1873.	1.31	15.8	1.29
1874.	1.43	15.4	1.27
1875.	1.11	14.1	1.24
1876.	1.24	12.9	1.16
1877.	1.17	11.8	1.20
1878.	1.14	11.1	1.15
1879.	1.07	9.9	1.12
1880.	1.25	11.5	1.14
1881.	1.11	11.4	1.14
1882.	1.19	11.4	1.13
1883.	1.18	11.4	1.13
1884.	1.07	10.5	1.01
1885.	1.07	9.6	1.06
1886.	1.07	9.6	1.06
1887.	1.07	9.6	1.06
1888.	1.07	9.6	1.06
1889.	1.07	9.6	1.06
1890.	1.07	9.6	1.06
1891.	1.07	9.6	1.06
1892.	1.07	9.6	1.06
1893.	1.07	9.6	1.06

These figures tell the whole story, and that story cannot be successfully denied. They show beyond all question that it is the duty of every man who has any regard for the prosperity of his country and the welfare of the people to strive by every means in his power to bring about the remonetization of silver, to the end that its value may be increased, and along with it, the value of the products of American labor.

The story element of the country should be driven into the republican party, where it belongs.

We want to see one argument in favor of the single gold standard that is not based on ignorance or a reckless disregard of facts.

Maybe McKinley will change his mind about silver.

If the eastern brethren can prevent the republican convention from declaring for silver, the people of the country will have that disreputable old concern where they want it.

Is there a goldbug editor north or south who can carry on a discussion and stick to the facts? If there is we'll see that he gets floor space at the exposition where he can pose for the altogether.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"A Review of Southern Literature from 1870 to 1895" is the title of a new book by Louise Manly published by Johnson & Co., of Richmond.

Senator Frye says: "Give us republican rule for a year, we will be limited, unscrupled power, and we will show the people the beneficence of republican legislation. We will annex the Hawaiian Islands, fortify Pearl harbor, build the Nicaragua canal and marry two great oceans. We will show people a foreign policy that is American in every fiber and hold the American flag on whatever island we think best, and no hand shall ever pull it down."

Mr. A. P. Hart, at the head of the publishing business in England, says that Bret Hart, American, living in London; Besant, Haggard and Hope command the highest prices now. Think of the Doyle or Mr. Ward or Weyman or Crockett or Blackmore or Black or any woman. High prices and popularity are no evidence of greatness.

The death is announced of Martin M. Ballou, the well known writer, journalist and traveler. He died at Cairo, Egypt.

Says The Nashville American: "The Chattanooga Times totters along between anarchy and bigotry. A few days ago it denounced the procedure of the courts, and now it says that such books as 'Coler's Financial School' ought to be burned by members of the conference. The Times ought to be incarcerated in The Knoxville Journal's lunatic asylum."

According to The Philadelphia Record the majority of the powerful manufacturers' club of that city favor free silver, "nor is there any doubt in the rural sections of Pennsylvania. The republican party is very strongly impregnated with a belief in the desirability of free silver coinage." Don Cameron evidently knows what he is about. He is a strong free silver man.

A GREETING FROM GEORGIA.

Let Me Come Home.
 My God! let me come home!
 I weary of the burning, midday heat—
 The way is dark—my stumbling feet.
 But wander far from the mercy seat!
 Let me come home!

My God! let me come home!
 I long sweet rest with Thee to find,
 Rest for my soul—and, no longer blind,
 See sweet contentment's light enshined!
 Let me come home!

My God! let me come home!
 The bitter fruit of failure's tree
 Is all that's left on earth for me;
 In the grim future no light I see—
 Let me come home!

My God! let me come home!
 And in Thy arms to know at last,
 That all the lowering clouds are past—
 All tears and fears at Thy feet cast—
 Let me come home!

—EDWARD N. WOOD.

What It Is.
 "The people of Alabama have got a grate thing in their hand."
 "What is it?"
 "Coal."

Spring Now, Sure.
 The mocking bird is clearin' of its throat
 fer singin' now—
 The lizard's stretched out lazy on a rail—
 the mule an' plow
 Ain't up the new groun'—the sun is
 kind of hot—
 The violet's throwin' kisses at the sweet
 forget-me-not!

Had To.
 "Editor played the devil yesterday."
 "What for?"
 "His boy quit him and he couldn't help himself."

A Pesky "Critic."
 "Madam," said the tramp, with deep earnestness, "my father went with Napoleon to Waterloo."
 "Do tell! Did he take two of 'em to water her? She must 'a' been 'a' blamed pesky critic."

My Carriage.
 One day the sun was throwin' of its kisses
 soft and sweet,
 The noddin' heads o' daisies that was
 wavin' at my feet,
 An' I was stretched out thinkin' o' the
 ways an' means o' life—
 Kind o' drivin' on the future—when Carrie'd
 be my wife!

I hadn't asked her 'pinion, but I sort o'
 somehow knew
 From the light I'd seen a sparklin' in
 them eyes o' deepest blue,
 An' when it came to business she'd echo
 what I'd say.

I said there while the sunbeams kept a-
 dancin' 'round about,
 A-winkin' an' a-blinkin' fer to keep the
 brightness out.

Till I heard a voice that thrilled me, jest
 beyond the bunch o' trees,
 But, Lord! the words it uttered made my
 blood in terror freeze!

She was talkin' to a feller, an' the tender
 way she spoke
 Set my heart to weepin' bitter, fer the
 dreamy spell was broke,
 An' I felt that life was over—nothin' left
 now but to die!

They was talkin' 'bout a weddin', an' the
 day was drawin' nigh!
 The light that poured its beauty faded
 now to darkness dear,
 The song birds stilled the music that was
 ringin' far an' near—
 My heart in anguish cried out against the
 cruel fate!

That took out all the sweetness I had
 dreamed of soon and late:

They still kept on a-talkin' an' I couldn't
 he'p but hear
 Them words o' doom! sweetness fallin'
 from them lips so dear—
 When sudden I 'most stopped breathin',
 and strained myself to catch
 The echo of the words they said about the
 comin' match!

I listened close an' closer, until all at once
 to me
 They rushed back all my hapless—
 the joyous melody—
 Fer it weren't her weddin' event they was
 talkin' of at all.

But 'bout her sister Katy—to be married
 in the fall!

"KEEPING TO THE FRONT."

From The Columbus Enquirer-Sun.
 The Atlanta Constitution has given another evidence of its determination to keep to the front of journalism, by sending its versatile and energetic Washington correspondent, Mr. E. W. Barrett, to the seat of war in the orient. Mr. Barrett is provided with credentials and letters from distinguished government officials, from the secretary of state, and from the Japanese minister at Washington. He started on his long trip Sunday afternoon, and will probably be absent six months. With the exception of The New York Herald, which has its own correspondent, Colonel John A. Cockerill, in Japan, The Constitution is the only American newspaper which will have its immediate representative on the ground at this most interesting period. That the public will be furnished with the most graphic letters of the existing condition of affairs, those who know Mr. Barrett do not doubt. He will be in the front with the Japanese commander in every fight, and should the Japs enter Peking, which they now propose to do, Edward will be among the first to charge through the gates, as it were, and take a kodak view of the city; he will be eloquent and laudatory in his letters. We congratulate The Constitution upon its enterprise in this move, which we regard with special pride, as being conceived and inaugurated by a Georgia paper. May War Correspondent Barrett have a successful and safe experience, and return to his native land crowned with laurels.

From The Tampa, Fla., Times.
 The Atlanta Constitution has sent Mr. E. W. Barrett, who has been for years its correspondent at Washington, to Asia for the period of some months, to Asia for the purpose of obtaining a similar view of the city; he will be eloquent and laudatory in his letters. We congratulate The Constitution upon its enterprise in this move, which we regard with special pride, as being conceived and inaugurated by a Georgia paper. May War Correspondent Barrett have a successful and safe experience, and return to his native land crowned with laurels.

From The Tampa,

THE FRUIT OF THE WIRE-GRASS

The Fruit of the Wire-Grass Gloriously Radiant.

A GARDEN SPOT OF GEORGIA.

Whose Advantages Are Challenging Public Attention.

THE LAND OF SEA ISLAND COTTON

Where Farmers May Still Make a Profit on What They Do.

THERE IS BIG MONEY IN WOOL

The Possibilities of Wiregrass Georgia as a Stock Raising Country—No Shelter Required, and Food in Abundance.

Jesus, Ga., March 29.—Staff Correspondence to The Constitution.—Pink blossoms and pale flowers of peach contrasted with green carpet of field and aurea mass of sky, form a picture bright enough to please eye and gladden soul.

And such a picture it is that opens out to view as the northern traveler penetrates through the region of wiregrass, and feeling the warm touch of the spring air laden with healing balsam from the pine forest, his senses respond to the invitation of nature, and eye, ear and nerve receive the soft impressions of restful calm which characterize all things in this section.

Locking upon the broad expanse of wiregrass, broken here and there by pine forests suggestive of turpentine hickers' mounds, herds of cattle are seen lazily chewing the cud, and flocks of sheep daintily nibbling at the fresh sprouting grass. This is the stock-raising region of Georgia, and no county in the state affords finer herds or better flocks than Wayne, of which Jesus is the courthouse site.

It is the memory of "Mad Anthony Wayne," as he was known during the war of the revolution, that has been placed in honor by the state of Georgia in naming this county. Its population from the beginning has been of that hardy stock which assures the coming of men when men are needed. The soil is rich, the climate is healthy, wiregrass, scrub palmetto and stately pines, and its possibilities under cultivation unlimited.

"No man," said Hon. J. W. Bennett, member of the legislature, "need want for anything here. The farmers of Wayne county are among the best fixed in the state. They live with a long cotton belt, which brings as good a price per pound as upland cotton does when ginned. I know of one man who sold his entire crop of cotton in the state of Georgia for a pound. The price of long cotton for the poorest grade never falls below 10 cents, while the better grades reach all the way up to 20. Then the farmer has a market for stock keeps business moving. One fact is that it is not true of many counties in the state, that the farmers have large deposits in bank. This county is fertile and healthy, with an excellent population, and affording abundant opportunity for success in life."

"Yes," said Hon. Ben Milliken, editor of The Sentinel, "there is no county in which a young man can have a better chance. Being Mr. Bennett's son-in-law, I know it in his presence, a few years ago he was a poor boy chipping turpentine boxes. He made the money upon which he passed through the university, and since that time he has been solicitor of our county court and the people have twice sent him to the legislature, with other honors yet in store for him. This county is a good one to live in, and only the usual application which our people pay to those who prove worthy of it."

The Odor of a Bad Name.

There exists in many places a belief that Jesus is the center of an unruly people, and that lawlessness is the rule of the country. This unjust opinion had its origin in a state of affairs which has always been regretted by the people of this section. More orderly, thrifty and hospitable people is not to be found within the limits of the state, whose misfortune it has been to be blamed for the acts of roving aliens. Shortly after the war, when the turpentine operators of North Carolina found it necessary to seek virgin forests, their attention was directed to the pine belt of Georgia. Thousands upon thousands of acres of pine lands were leased by these men, who removed their entire gangs of hands to the new grounds. These negroes, men, women, stout, stalwart men, making good wages, and spending most of their money for drink. Camped out in the wilderness, they were strangers in a strange land, and whatever degree of wickedness they might have had in their North Carolina homes, it was intensified by their lack of respectability in the new country. Day by day with them was an occasion of drunkenness and murder. From the disorder which they thus created along the entire pine belt of Georgia, the genuine citizens have had to suffer, for the stranger never stopped to inquire into the difference between the residents of the county and the mere camp inhabitants. These men traded in all the small towns contiguous to the camps, growing bolder and bolder as time went on, until they had reached the lawlessness of the camp to the streets of the town. The murders and riots growing out of this state of affairs were duly elaborated in the popular press. Jesus was one of the principal centers of this turpentine industry, and derived a large sum from this unruly class, until finally the people were driven from the country by the notorious Bob Hayes, who was a leading spirit in the unruly class.

but the manner in which they were met was unavoidable. Now, however, that unruly class has passed in and out, and people abroad are beginning to realize the fact that no community should be held responsible for the lawlessness of rovers who are passing over the country like a plague. Jesus is an energetic town of 1,200 inhabitants, with a tributary territory which must make of it an important center. The city government is presided over by Mayor H. W. Whaley; the board of education is under the presidency of Hon. John W. Bennett, while the local newspaper, The Sentinel, is the property of Hon. Ben Milliken, a citizen of rare energy and push. Under the impetus of such leaders, there is an awakening going on, which must, in time, mean much for Jesus and Wayne county.

As to Long Cotton. The statement made by Mr. Bennett in regard to long cotton must attract general attention. It was at one time thought that long cotton could be grown only on the sea islands, but its cultivation has been pushed and the state has been found capable of growing it. As it ranges in price from 10 to 20 cents, it will be seen that there is a considerable profit in its cultivation, or it must be harder to raise. Upon this point Mr. Bennett says that it is only in the gathering that there is any more difficulty. In all other respects it is identical in the labor and attention it requires with the short cotton. Wherever it can be successfully grown, it pays to enter upon its cultivation. To show the difference in the prices paid for short and long cotton, the following quotations of an even date will give the best idea:

Good middling 14
Extra fine 15
Extra fine 16
Extra fine 17
Extra fine 18
Extra fine 19
Extra fine 20
Extra fine 21
Extra fine 22
Extra fine 23
Extra fine 24
Extra fine 25
Extra fine 26
Extra fine 27
Extra fine 28
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ON THE WAY TO JAPAN

Barrett Writes an Interesting Account of His Overland Trip.

TELLS OF AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

He Is Now Steaming On To the City of Yokohama.

THE SITUATION IN THE ORIENT

How It Is Viewed on the Western Coast. The Different Characteristics of Both Nations.

San Francisco, March 28.—(Special Staff Correspondence.)—Today at 3 o'clock I sailed for Japan on the steamer "China," touching at Honolulu and spending one day in the principal city of the recently notorious Hawaiian Islands.

This letter is concluded on the deck of the "China," and is mailed from a returning tug as we pass out of the Golden Gate into the Pacific.

To Yokohama, Japan. It is an eighteen-day journey via Honolulu. The "China" is scheduled to arrive at Yokohama on Easter Sunday.

Then—unless the Chinese peace envoys, now in Japan, shall have been successful in negotiating terms with Japan by which the Japanese war dogs shall have been called off in their march upon Peking, the Chinese capital, shall immediately take a steamer for Tien-Tsin, from whence I shall go inland to the front with the Japanese army, and hope to witness the taking of Peking. That would end the war.

On my journey out here from New Orleans I traveled with an envoy of the Japanese government returning to his country. He predicts that Li Hung Chang and his accompanying peace envoys, now in Japan, will be unsuccessful in their mission of peace, basing his prediction upon the fact that the war party is in the ascendancy in Japan, and being enthused over the unbroken and uninterrupted line of victories of the Japanese army is determined to enter Peking before agreeing to or sanctioning any terms of peace.

What could be more natural than such desires on the part of an enthusiastic, an impulsive and an enlightened people? Why should Japan agree to a declaration of peace with a nation outnumbering its own more than ten to one when it has only inflicted temporarily and not vital wounds in the body of the whole nation, wounds of the flesh from which the whole can recover in time—and unless surrounded and hemmed in by the possession of vital and advantageous points on the part of Japan, turn up on her and demolish her?

As my envoy friend informs me, China's peace commissioners would willingly concede the island of Formosa to Japan together with an indemnity of \$20,000,000, payable in gold, if Japan demands it; but China will not willingly concede any of her mainland now occupied by Japanese troops, and especially that portion along the coast of the Gulf of Pechili, both the north and south sides of which the Japanese forces now occupy.

China will not relinquish her possession of this territory because it is believed that Russia will not submit to the Japanese acquiring it. It is believed Russia has no intention of China, and is now interposing to cause Japan to accept the terms of peace China, through her envoys, will offer.

But Japan, in her rush of victory, wants to corral the entire outfit and hobble the Chinese empire by tossing her rope of victory about the very castle of the emperor of the orient. Then her victory will be complete. She will be the monarch of the orient, the power of the east, and one of the ranking nations of the earth's final decade civilization; rising almost in a night from obscurity to fame, from heathenism to the most advanced and powerful civilization.

With such a victory as this, and the possession of the territory about Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei and a firm foothold in Manchuria, Japan will occupy a commanding position from which the Chinese whole can be guarded and its movements closely watched.

But whatever be the outcome of the war—whether it ends three weeks hence or in the late spring after the Japs have entered Peking—the situation, the condition of affairs in the orient is of the greatest interest to the entire civilized world. The effect of the war upon both Japan and China; the weakness it has demonstrated of China, the strength of Japan; the ignorance and superstitions of the Chinese; the advancement and patriotism of the Japanese, are all of the most intense interest to the people of all classes and conditions. Naturally Americans are most interested in the Japs. They are more nearly of our kind. Many of their leading men have been educated at our institutions of learning. They are, to an extent, of us, and we are with them.

In going to Japan and China I go to write of conditions and things as I see them without prejudice or interest—simply to tell of the people, of their conditions, of their civilization, of their material life as compared with ours, of the war and its effects, and, indeed, of everything as I find it and see it, beginning with my first impressions and reserving the right to change opinions in time. If the length of my stay causes things to appear differently. In other words, I shall write as I go, endeavoring to tell it as I see it. With time and study appearances may change. With changes I shall endeavor, in my letters, to keep pace.

From Atlanta to Yokohama is nearly 9,000 miles. From Atlanta to San Francisco is a few miles less than 3,000 miles. Leaving Atlanta Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock one changes, at New Orleans, to the Sunset Limited over the Southern Pacific at 10 o'clock. Thursday morning arrives in San Francisco at 1 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. It is 2,469 miles from New Orleans to San Francisco, and the actual time in hours is seventy-seven. It is about thirty-five miles an hour for the entire distance, including all stops. The solid train of Pullmans runs through it. It is, indeed, a palace train, too. Nothing like it crosses the continent, nor is there any train east or west to rival it in luxury or comfort. To begin with, next to the engine is a composite car, the first apartment for baggage, then a very large smoking compartment with card tables, great lounges, large, comfortable wicker chairs, a library, a writing desk and a table strewn with all the latest magazines and illustrated weeklies. Then comes a barber shop and bathroom. Following this car are three sleepers, half of each being drawing rooms, the other half of regular sections. Trailing in the rear comes the dining car par excel-

lance of the world—not the ordinary table d'hôte dining car of commerce where one must scatter through a lengthy menu tasting of this and that and retreating from the table with a dyspeptic stomach and the consequent bad humor, but a dining car where meals are served a la carte and where one gets just that which his appetite craves served in the most tempting style and at a rate exceedingly modest for the service.

The entire train is a palace of comfort and luxury. On it one finds no kickers. There's nothing to kick about—even the chronic complainer can discover no cause for his usual condition and is of necessity another distinct and different one.

The trip throughout from Atlanta to San Francisco is one of interest to the student of nature and of our country. Over the Atlanta and West Point, through the richest agricultural section of Georgia, through the cotton plantations of Alabama, via Montgomery, the first capital of the confederacy, through Mobile and into New Orleans, across the ferry to Algiers, viewing the shipping of all the water from New Orleans, the great steam wheel cotton steamboats of the river traffic tied to the wharves side by side with great ocean steamships, the ships and barges, and tug and tugboats and sailing craft dotting the surface of the muddy waters of the great Mississippi—then into the ferry slip and aboard the train of the new world. A moment and you are off speeding fifty miles an hour through the sugar plantations of the lower parishes of Louisiana, great level fields reaching to the fullest vision of the eye, dotted with gangs of negro field hands, men, women and picaninnes—four-mile sulky plows trailing slowly through the furrows, great bodied wagons drawn by strings of sleek fat mules; and off in the distance the majestic old southern mansion, painted a pure white, with its great columns and extended roof resting upon them; and to the side the small city of white cabins with its streets and shade trees wherein are quartered the negro laborers of the plantation.

There is an air of prosperity about these homes and plantations of the sugar lords which the repeal of the bounty has not yet tarred, and, perhaps, will not. They will live, and grow, and thrive, resting upon their own foundation without tariff to nurture or bounty to induce.

Thence into Texas, past Houston and through the ancient, historical, but thriving and wicked city of San Antonio. Then into the cactus and sage brush barren waste of Texas where but rattlesnakes and toads thrive. Even the birds of the air shun it. All day Friday you travel through this monotonous waste where rain is unknown and water a luxury which comes but with the arrival of trains and then in a precious barrel tenderly set off at the station to be used exclusively by the dozen inhabitants of the adobe homes for internal irrigation. Baths are unknown. Like the fowls of the barnyard, the inhabitants cleanse themselves with the dust of the earth and become earthy before their proper time.

At nightfall you run into El Paso, and can just see in the twilight across the Rio Grande the city of Paso del Norte in old Mexico. Then on across New Mexico in the night. Saturday evening in Arizona through wastes of cactus, sand and sagebrush with barren, lava-looking hills and mountains rising up to the north and running down to the railroad track. At night you are in Yuma, then in Arizona, on the banks of the Colorado, well irrigated, but the hottest city in America. Around the station, where you stop for a change of engine, lazy, shiftless Indians are crowded begging and offering for sale fancy bows and arrows and dolls of Indian make; squaws with their papposes and Indian babies in their red shawls and semi-abbreviated skirts.

Then across the Colorado and into the great desert of southeastern California, a waste of white sand and without life, even of the most hardy vegetable type. Not even a rock to break the level monotony—sand and only sand everywhere, extending to the mountain ranges far beyond, both on the north and south sides. Down grade the train goes in this desert of sand until you are at Salton, 365 feet below the level of the sea, with the thermometer at 85, and the heat oppressive.

Once the Colorado river overflowed and filled this great desert a few feet deep but the sand absorbed and the sun evaporated and the water was soon gone. But for the mountain ranges between this and the Gulf of California, the sea would flow in and fill this great sink hole of the earth's surface—the only known spot of dry, parched earth below the level of the sea.

Looking out of this, and passing through the desert one apparently sees a great lake of water extending indefinitely off into space. There are islands and faint white specks far off appearing to be ships in the distance under full sail. It is a beautiful sight, yet it is merely that trick of the vision—a mirage—that which has led travelers on to death in the desert, and the same which, in other directions, the product of visionary imagination, has led men to destruction. There are mirages and mirages. From Salton on it is up grade. And as the train climbs the country improves until suddenly you run into the oasis—southern California, that verdant, pastoral country of America with its groves of fruit and flowers, its palm trees and vineyards, its snow-capped mountains rising from valley and plains of green grass and budding flowers. Coming from the desert the cactus and the sage brush, it is a paradise to the vision. The air, with its aroma of fruits and flowers, fills the lungs and life takes on new aspect with the change of scenery. The air is so new and fresh and balmy that you jump from the train at the first stop, gaze upon the green award and upward to the snow-capped peaks, take a long breath—another and another, drawing the scented air into your lungs in great gulps, and as it permeates the system and thrills the blood into life causing the veins and nerves to tingle and pulsate with the joy of a new-born existence, you would instinctively reach out your fingers to toy with the waves and hug great chunks of the earth's breast. It is a dream of paradise.

To Riverside, to Los Angeles; then an all-night-and-half-of-the-next-day ride up through the fruit orchards, vineyards and stock farms of California and you are in Oakland. Across a six-mile ferry, where you toss aboard to the sea gulls, following the ferry boat, and watch them scramble down upon the water for it, and some agile catch it in their mouths, so agile are they—and you are in San Francisco. The route, the scenery, the Pacific slope and San Francisco are all interesting, but every transcontinental railroad advertisement and time table tells you of all that, and, indeed, it is an old story. To me the characters aboard this through transcontinental train were the most interesting of all things.

In the first place I was so unfortunate as to find at New Orleans that my telegram for a berth on the Sunset Limited had met with no more good fortune than to obtain for me" upper six in the car Profeta." That impressed me as just a little remarkable in view of the fact that on the week previous I had got upper six to New York from Washington and returned the following night in lower six, had drawn lower six from Washington to Atlanta and had come from Atlanta to New Orleans in lower six.

To upper six in Profeta I hugged my grips and coats in a fervor of excitement, expecting surely to find a woman and a baby beneath me. There were many women and several babies aboard the fine car. The women were old and ugly as a rule. There were two exceptions, however: a Mexican senorita with flowing golden tresses and a lace covering thrown gracefully about her brow, and a pretty little New England girl in a dapper traveling jacket and jaunty yachting cap. Both boarded another car, and I struggled in the Profeta to find good fortune in having an understudy, so I

speak, in a clever bearded New Yorker en route to Arizona to dispose of a bad investment he had made in the form of a cattle ranch. We congratulated one another upon our good fortune and became so chummy that he gave me his lower and took the upper berth on that second night of my half suspect now that it was to eliminate me from the smoking car where he met a practical ranch owner to whom he disposed of his investment during the night and parted company with me at Benson, Ariz., the next morning, to take a last look at his fleeing investment.

The purchaser came on through to San Francisco; and he proved himself to be the chaperone of the palace train. He boarded it at El Paso, tossed a \$500-mile book to the conductor and was greeted by the full train crew with doffed caps and a "How are you, colonel." Of the passengers he knew none, but a day had not passed before he knew all. His cards bore the Waldorf, New York, as his eastern home, but to a cattle ranch just over the line in Mexico and to mines galore in Arizona he belonged. So he recalled having met me at the Press Club in Washington when he was at the capital, struggling with Governor Campbell, of Ohio, over the appointment of a governor of Arizona. He was the man who induced the president to overlook Hoke in his selection of the governor of Arizona, and he was the east as in the west he is a well known character, not only because of his wealth, but for his joviality and entertaining qualities.

For years, in his younger life, connected with the department of public works of Great Britain, he was in Egypt, in India and throughout all the east. Of that country and of China and Japan he told interesting stories. Over the condition of affairs in the east, the cause of the present war between Japan and China, and the effect of it, he chatted interestingly.

In our first chat I remarked that I was en route to Japan. To my left sat a blonde-bearded, middle-aged man of the German persuasion, but hailing from Philadelphia, who remarked that he was, likewise, bound there and was booked for the same train. He had spent several months of last year there and had traveled all through Russia, having gone over during the famine to distribute the food and money contributed by generous Americans to relieve the suffering Russians. He had acted with Count Tolstol and had many interesting experiences and touching scenes to describe, particularly of the work of Count Tolstol's young daughter.

During our chat two Scotch tweed capped Bostonians, one puffing a brier pipe, the other a cigar, who had herded alone on the first day and night, shifted over, and the bearer of the pipe remarked:

"Did I hear you say you were bound for Japan? My friend and I are likewise booked for the orient."

Then they entered into the party making known the fact that they were bound for a pleasure and instructive tour solely. And jolly good traveling companions they have proved.

The last to make himself known was a bashful young Englishman, a scientific young man who had been experimenting and vetting opinions on the saccharine substance of Louisiana cane, employed by Spreckels to jaunt to Hawaii and write scientifically upon the sugar production of the Hawaiian Islands. He proved one of these modest, diffident fellows in general conversation, but when science was broached he drew from his succulent shell and "broad a'd" the full field of saccharine science.

I modestly invited the colonel of the ranch and mines and the German expert on Japanese subjects to lunch with me that I might become more familiar with the customs of the orient, particularly Japan and China. Though a modest lunch it was, with simply beer attachments, at their choosing, the solid facts I obtained were interesting.

After the modest little luncheon the colonel brought forth several long, black Mexican cigars wrapped in tin foil, which he smoked and of which I became so extravagant in praise that he delved down into a great grip and presented me with a box, remarking at the time that we three should again meet at dinner with him.

At the dinner he well tested the talent of Dining Car Conductor Dougherty, who proved himself an expert as well as a connoisseur. There was such a dinner and such wines that Delmonico or even the Aragon could not excel.

Over it the colonel talked of everything from the bombardment of Alexandria, at which he was present, to the fancy work of the east Indians, the jewelry of Ceylon, Japanese civilization, Russia's interest in maintaining Chinese territory as it is her power to prevent England's interference by threats to march troops down through Afghanistan and take India, into which the Russian government has sent its troops, roads, of the morality of the east and of Japan, and, finally, down to American politics and to the silver question.

There he entered my presence, notwithstanding a little set-to I had with Charley Currier, at the Atlanta National bank, when he wanted to lock his gold certificates and treasury notes by his side, and I, with several \$100 silver certificates, which, in the present condition of Cleveland's financial affairs, I feared the California banks might refuse to take in exchange for gold. And, naturally, I wanted to be sure of getting the gold, or a gold letter of credit, out here, for a gold dollar is exchanged for two silver yen or Mexican dollars in Japan.

Our German friend gave an elaborate breakfast to the trio on Sunday morning, and soon after 1 o'clock we rolled into Oakland, just in time to the minute. There we met to meet on the steamship China this afternoon.

If Li Hung Chang and the Jap envoys haven't agreed on terms of peace when I land, then I may be able to get to the front and tell The Constitution readers some interesting stories of the oriental war.

Certainly the news from there shall be sent to you, if you don't like it you can drop it. If you don't like it you can drop it. If you don't like it you can drop it. If you don't like it you can drop it.

LEMON ELIXIR. Regulates the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood.

For Biliousness, Constipation and Malassimilation. For Indigestion, Sick and Nervous Headache. For Sleeplessness, Nervousness and Heart Failure. For Fever, Chills, Debility and Kidney Disease. For Blotches and Pimples on the face. For Laid-up, natural and thorough organic regulation, take Lemon Elixir.

Fifty cents and \$1 bottles at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Moxley, Atlanta, Ga.

LEMON HOT DROPS. Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage and all lung and lung diseases. Elegant, reliable. Twenty-five cents at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Moxley, Atlanta, Ga.

Gallies. This certifies that the holder of this is a reader of The Constitution, and as such is entitled to participate in the distribution of the new religious-educational fine art series, "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," upon the national terms previously arranged for our readers and subscribers as follows: Bring or send 25 centing agent, enclosing certificate to business office of The Constitution and get the free art work.

Reader's Certificate. This certifies that the holder of this is a reader of The Constitution, and as such is entitled to participate in the distribution of the new religious-educational fine art series, "Earthly Footsteps of the Man of Galilee," upon the national terms previously arranged for our readers and subscribers as follows: Bring or send 25 centing agent, enclosing certificate to business office of The Constitution and get the free art work.

ANOTHER ENTERPRISE FOR ATLANTA Reorganization of the Old Abstract Company.

Result of the Exposition Movement and Real Estate Activity.

Evidences are forthcoming every day that the progressive men who planned and are carrying to execution the big exposition next fall build far wiser than they knew. The very conception of the plan seemed to give new impetus to the enterprise, and more companies are being organized and more syndicates formed than were ever known to the history of Atlanta. The sure price brought at the first public sale of lots last week, and the general activity in the real estate market has given new hope to investors, and it looks now like boom times will soon be here again.

There were recorded at the courthouse last week conveyances showing that the market is brisk and the money is beginning to circulate freely again. The most direct result of the hopeful change in financial circles is the reorganization of the Land Title Warranty and Safe Deposit Company, which was consummated a few days ago. This concern, which depends for its life absolutely on the activity of the real estate market, is a sole revenue being derived from abstracts of title to Fulton county property, will open offices in the Equitable building early in April. Its stockholders and directors are among the best business men of Atlanta, and they realize that there will be a great deal of trading in real estate in the next few months. The concern has ample financial backing, its capital being \$100,000, and it fills a much-needed place in Atlanta, having as it does the only complete record in Fulton county.

The direction of the company will be under Mr. William H. Black, who will be managing attorney and the syndicate formed by him, composed of Mr. James S. Swanson, Albert Joseph White, Orme and others, will have full management of its affairs.

Mr. Black has been laboring some months to secure a majority of the stock, but only succeeded in doing so a short time ago, when he immediately went north to get the most approved methods in the business, where he spent several weeks in the principal cities. The Land Title Warranty and Safe Deposit Company, which once began the preparation of the block system, or "locality index," as it is called.

The story of this company forms an interesting chapter in the history of the county. In the year 1878, and for six years preceding the time, James D. Collins was clerk of the court of Fulton county. While in that position he had prepared, at great expense, complete abstracts, giving the salient facts of every instrument recorded during his incumbency, and previous to it, which abstracts contained a minute of the kind of instrument, the date, date of record, the parties, a note as to its proper execution, its consideration, in what book and page recorded, and a full description of the property conveyed.

Several years after the retirement of Collins from the office of clerk, deed books B and H, mortgage books E and G, docket C, homestead book A and minute book F were stolen from the office of the county clerk. The three deed books mentioned contained about 800 to 1,000 deeds each, making, say, 2,500 deeds of which Fulton county now has no record. The mortgage book I have mentioned contained, probably 800 to 1,000 mortgages, of which the county now has no record. The county docket contained about 800 pages, with five executions recorded, of which the county now has no record. The homestead book A contained about 1,000 and 1,500 homesteads, probably nearer 1,000, as often more than one homestead was recorded on a page, of which the county now has no record. The minute book contained about 800 and 1,000 pages, of which the county now has no record. The loss of these books left the county without the information contained in them, and left the books of Mr. Collins with a monopoly of that information in his possession. In 1887 Mr. Collins organized the Land Title Warranty and Safe Deposit Company, which was capitalized at \$100,000. The plant was bought by the company, which plant consisted of the records compiled by Mr. Collins, for \$30,000, \$20,000 of which was paid up stock of the company and \$10,000 of which was paid in cash. This left \$80,000 of call or assessment stock, which composes the working capital of the company.

The company began operations under favorable auspices and was doing well when the county of Fulton, through the ordinary, who employed Hon. W. R. Hammond as his attorney, moved to the superior court, to compel the secretary and treasurer of the Land Title Warranty and Safe Deposit Company to produce the books in court, so the county might get copies of the lost records. This the company refused to do, and when the case came up, it was referred to an auditor, who reported that the county had no right to the books, as they were private property. The decision of the auditor was appealed from by the county's attorney and the judge of the superior court sustained the auditor. The decision of the judge of the superior court, sustaining the auditor, was appealed to the supreme court, and they (our highest court) sustained the decision.

This all occupied between three and four years, and during those years the county was successful, lost faith in the enterprise, and removed its records to its success, through which the case went, the company discontinued business.

The loss of the books, and the final settlement of the lawsuit in its favor, has removed all obstacles to its success, and the company will soon be ready for business again.

The shareholders at present interested are James Swann, William H. Black, A. E. Thornton, J. C. Tanner, George Hope, E. A. Robertson, Joseph T. Orme, James W. Harle, C. W. Hunnicutt, C. M. Madock, E. J. McCandless, Campbell Wallace, Jr., and Will Haight.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief was obtained when taken for dyspepsia, indigestion, pain in the side, constipation and disordered stomach.

Real Estate Notes. Mr. S. M. Turman, the well-known real estate agent, reports better and brighter times. During last week he sold a Broad street house for \$7,000, two Pulliam street houses at \$5,000 each, a Pryor street lot for \$2,000, a Washington street residence for \$7,000, a Formwalt street house and lot for \$2,700, a Washington street lot for \$600, and a Hapeville place for \$800.

Mr. Turman has formed a partnership with Mr. Paul Barnett, formerly with Mr. Barnett, and Mr. Glenn Faver, formerly with Mr. George Ware will be associated with them.

Religion and Science. Will be the subject of the discourse at the Church of Our Father (Unitarian), on Church street, Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, William H. Cole, minister.

NEW MAP OF ATLANTA. Printed in Colors and Perfected to Date.

Embracing the Cotton States and International exposition grounds, the new seventh ward (West End), Inman Park, routes of all the railroads and electric street lines, ward boundaries, limit lines and other necessary information. Especially prepared and copyrighted by Mr. E. B. Latham, civil engineer, for John M. Miller, publishing agent and publisher. The map is folded in convenient pocket size and enclosed in neat covers.

Price 5 cents. For sale at the John M. Miller book store, 39 Marietta street, Atlanta, Ga.

GEORGIA BAPTIST CONVENTION, Waycross, April 10th to 15th.

For this occasion the Southern railway will have the most attractive schedules established route to Waycross is via the Southern railway and Jessup and superior schedules are made by that route.

This is the short line. This is the quick line. This is the line for returning, Passenger and ticket office corner Kimball house, Atlanta.

J. REGENSTEIN'S

40 WHITEHALL ST.

MILLINERY OPENING

A BEAUTIFUL

Assembly of the
Choicest Productions of the
Milliner's Art.
Hundreds of

DUTCH BONNETS;
BONAPARTE
EFFECTS,
PARIS PATTERN HATS.

Thousands of
THE EXCLUSIVE CREATIONS

Of Our Own Work Rooms.
THERE IS NO FINER MILLINERY IN THE LAND. . . .

Opening Days:

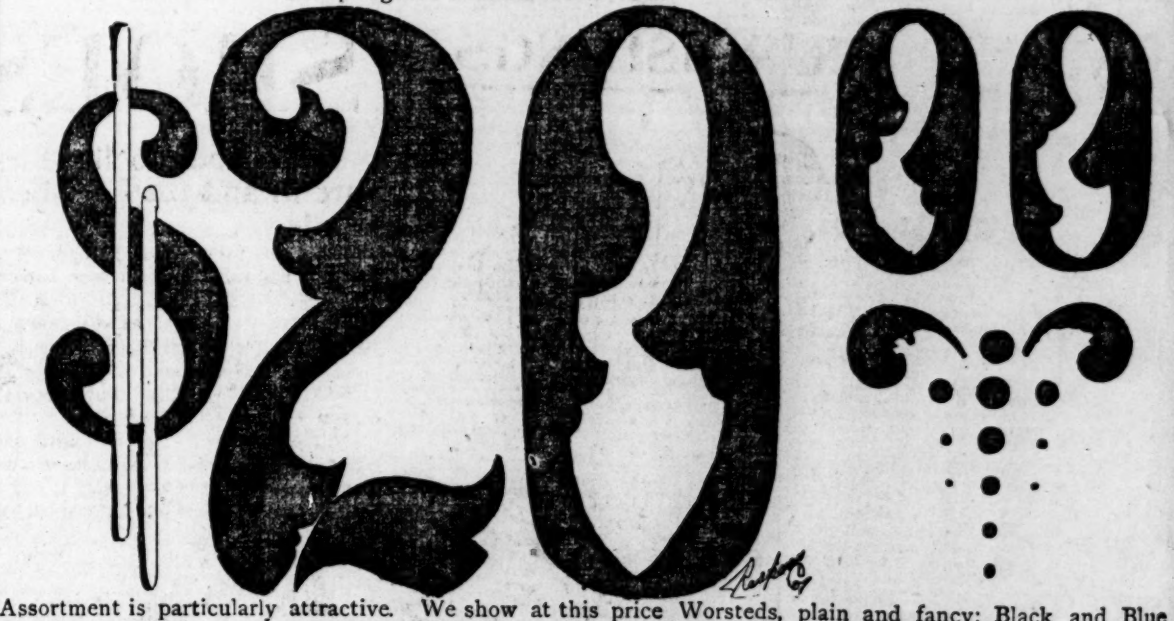
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,
APRIL 1, APRIL 2, APRIL 3.

J. REGENSTEIN, No. 40 Whitehall Street.

Hahn Bros

MERCHANT TAILORS, NO. 8 WHITEHALL ST.

Are showing the very latest and most fashionable fabrics for Spring and Summer wear. Our



Assortment is particularly attractive. We show at this price Worsteds, plain and fancy; Black and Blue Cheviots, in rough or smooth finish; Milled Tibets, Vicunas, Homespuns and Fancy Cheviots, in numerous designs and shades. Our prices cannot be duplicated in this or any other city in the country. We guarantee perfect fit and first-class workmanship and trimmings. We keep in repair for an entire year all goods purchased of us. We invite inspection and a comparison of prices. Do not buy an ill-fitting, unsightly, uncomfortable ready-made garment when for a trifle more you can have a suit made to order that is fashionable, perfect fitting and comfortable. Place your order for you Easter Suit the coming week, and with us.

RANGE HEADQUARTERS, \$5 PER MONTH

We are glad to be able to announce that during the month of April we will sell our wonderful "Imperial" Steel Plate French Ranges on the following liberal terms:

We will take your old stove at a fair valuation and allow you to pay the balance at the rate of \$5 per month. During February we sold \$10,000 worth of the "Imperial" Range, and we hope, with your assistance, to do as well in April. The "Imperial" is the only genuine FRENCH Range ever offered in Atlanta. Come and see it.

In order to supply the demand for a cheap Range we have also laid in a stock of good cheap Ranges, which we can offer as low as \$22.50. Come at once. If you can't come, send for circulars. Don't miss this chance.

Wood & Beaumont
STOVE AND FURNITURE CO.
85-87 WHITEHALL, 70-72 BROAD STS.

NOTE—We will give, free of charge, with every Range sold in April one of Wood's Improved Coil Water Heaters, the most powerful water heater ever invented.

A GREAT STOCK IN A GREAT STORE!

Now that the spring season is on, we feel satisfied that, with our Complete Stock, and with the satisfaction our house has given in the past, that we will do an immense business this season. We have devoted no little time to the selection of our stock, and we feel no hesitancy in saying that we can suit you both in Style and Price. It is not our aim, nor has it ever been, to sell cheap clothing. If there is one thing we try to avoid, and do avoid, it is "shoddy" goods. We are proud to say we have never had this class of Clothing in our house. But what we do claim is simply this: That we are in a position to give you good goods for a very little money. We solicit an early inspection of our stock, and feel satisfied that a purchase will follow.

OUR CLOTHING STOCK

This Season above all others. Our \$5 line of New Suits are beauties. All wool Black suits at \$5, worth the world over \$10 & \$12.

A new lot of Black Clay Worsted just received, better than ever; better cloth, better lining and better style, but the same old price, \$7.50. Look at them and judge the worth yourself.

We feel satisfied in saying that never before has such a large line of suits been shown at such a small price as \$9.75. We have

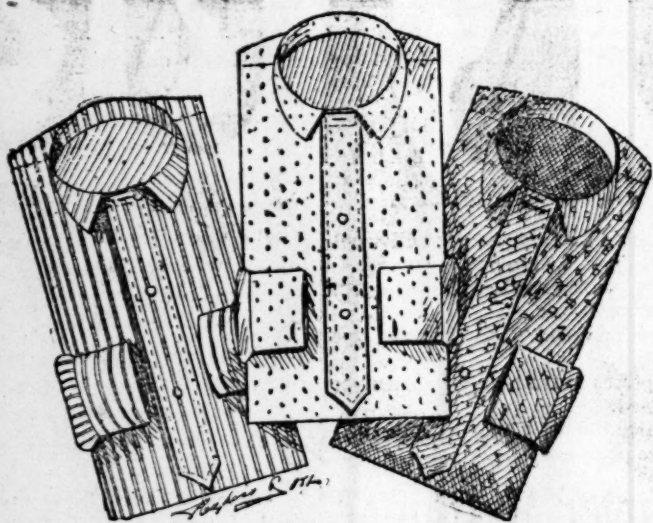
given special attention to this grade of goods because we find it is the popular price. But the suits we give you for \$9.75 are worth \$15 and \$18.

MEN'S ODD PANTS.

Stock complete and ready for your inspection:

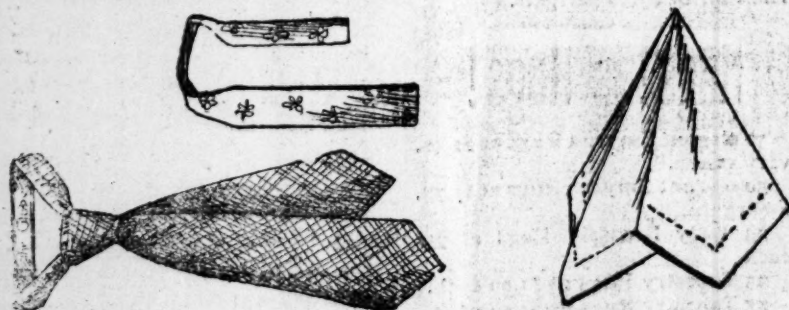
Pants for	- \$0.59
Pants for	- 1.00
Pants for	- 1.25
Pants for	- 1.98

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.



Read the following list of prices. They speak louder than all the words we can use:

Negligee Shirts at.....	48c
Monarch Shirts, Negligee.....	98c
Working Shirts.....	25c
Unlaundered White Shirts.....	38c
Laundered White Shirts.....	48c
Colored Bosom Shirts.....	48c
Silk Handkerchiefs.....	25c
Neckwear, the best.....	25c
Cotton Handkerchiefs.....	5c
Suspenders.....	15c



SHOES FOR 100,000 PEOPLE.

You would believe us were you to see our stock. Men's Spring Goods are in and they are beauties. Our prices make them sell as well as the style.

Men's tan Russia Calf Shoes, all the newest shapes, hand sewed. Actual value \$4.00. Our price \$2.98.
Men's French Calf, Lace or Congress, hand sewed, all styles of toes. Actual value \$4.00. Our price \$2.98.
Men's Calf Blucher, hand welt, Globe Calf toe, a sample lot. Actual value \$3.50. Our price \$2.50.
Men's pump or extension soles, all the latest shapes. Actual value \$2.50. Our price \$1.98.
Men's pump or extension, cap or plain toe, all shapes of toes, to fit all shapes of feet. Actual value \$2.00. Our price \$1.48.
Men's solid buff Shoe, three styles of toes, Lace or Congress. Actual value \$1.50. Our price \$1.25.
Men's guaranteed "all solid leather" working Shoe, Lace or Congress. Actual value \$1.25. Our price 98c.
Men's genuine Dongola Oxford or Prince Albert. Actual value \$2.50. Our price \$1.98.
Men's hand sewed Dongola, with or without patent leather quarters. Actual value \$2.00. Our price \$1.48.
Men's patent leather Oxford, hand turned. Actual value \$2.00. Our price \$1.48.
Men's patent leather Oxford, hand turned. Actual value \$1.50. Our price \$1.25.



Ladies' viol kid Button Boot, cloth or kid top, opera toe. Actual value \$4.00. Our price \$2.98.
Ladies' viol kid Button Boot, cloth or kid top, opera toe. Actual value \$2.50. Our price \$1.98.
Ladies' Dongola kid Button Boot, fancy web back stay, fancy top facing, all the latest shapes. Actual value \$2.00. Our price \$1.48.
Ladies' Dongola kid Button Boot, FLINT STONE leather bottom, silk worked button holes. Actual value \$1.50. Our price \$1.25.
Ladies' Dongola kid Button Boot, solid leather inner and outer sole. Actual value \$1.25. Our price 98c.
Ladies' tan 3-button Oxford, hand turned. Actual value \$3.50. Our price \$2.48.
Ladies' black 3-button Oxford, hand turned. Actual value \$3.50. Our price \$2.48.
Ladies' tan or black Oxford, lace, Prince Albert or button. Actual value \$2.50. Our price \$1.98.
Ladies' 3-button Prince Albert, or lace Oxford. Actual value \$2.00. Our price \$1.48.
Ladies' cloth or kid top, Oxford, corrugated vamp. Actual value \$1.50. Our price \$1.25.
Ladies' square or opera toe, Oxford, patent leather tips. Actual value \$1.25. Our price 98c.
Ladies' opera toe Oxford, patent leather tips, a sample lot. Actual value \$1.25. Our price 89c.

HATS



It is a well known fact that we are the only HATTERS IN THE SOUTH, and why? Because we sell the RIGHT KIND AT THE RIGHT PRICE.



We are still selling a FUR DERBY or ALPINE at 98c, worth \$2.00. A FUR CRUSHER at 48c. CAPS at all Prices.

Dunlap's Latest Block Just Received.

MAIL ORDERS.

Our Spring Samples are ready. Send for same. Your order will be filled the day it is received, and your money back if you are not satisfied. Write for any article in our store and you will get just as good a selection as if you were here yourself to pick it out. Goods sent to any address.



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18 Years a Sufferer.

Dr. Radway & Co., New York, August 12, 1884.—I have been suffering from dyspepsia for over 18 years and have had several doctors, but without good result. I tried Dr. Radway's Pills to the extent of ten boxes, but my sickness grew worse instead of better, and I became so that I had only to see my food before me and I had enough and could eat nothing. But now I have been taking your Radway's Pills and I must express my thanks to you. They have cured me and I am all right again so that I can enjoy eating and drinking. Yours respectfully,
JOHN REGEN,
147 Sumpter St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Radway's Pills

Cure all Disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Bile, Gallstones, Piles, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation and all Disorders of the Liver. 2 cents per box. At druggists or by mail. Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., Lock Box 36, New York, for "Book of Advice."

"THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"

IS HAPPY, FRUITFUL MARRIAGE."



Every Man Who Would Know the Great Truth of the Plain Facts; the New Discoveries of Medical Science as Applied to Married Life, Who Would Atone for Past Errors and Avoid Future Pitfalls, Should Secure the Wonderful Little Book Called "Complete Manhood, and How to Attain It."

"Here at last is information from a high medical authority on work wonders with this generation of men. The book fully describes a method by which to attain full vigor and manly power."

A method by which to end all unnatural drains on the system. To cure nervousness, lack of self-control, despondency, etc. To exchange a faded and worn nature for one of brightness, buoyancy and power. To cure forever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, etc.

To give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body. Age no barrier. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. The book is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to us soon after writing the above, says: "Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. I felt as if I were me when I first wrote that I would do it."

And another thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would mean nothing to me. I would use my life as your method has done." Write to Erie Medical Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for "Complete Manhood." Refer to this paper, and the company will send you the book in sealed envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced.

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'Twill Be Important

The Next Meeting of the Georgia Teachers' Association.

IT WILL BE ON CUMBERLAND ISLAND

Where the New Auditorium Will Be Used. The Session Will Last Ten Days, and Will Be Interesting.

The next meeting of the Georgia Teachers' Association promises to be the most interesting in the history of that organization and the most important. For the meeting of this association, while they possess a strong element of pleasure to the members, are still of interest and importance, not only to those who attend, but as a secondary result if not a primary one to the school system of Georgia.

President Quinn and his associates, who are officers of the association, have been giving the matter of arrangements considerable attention during the past month, and they are able in consequence to announce several new features.

The next meeting will be held on Cumberland Island, in the auditorium of the association. The meeting will open on June 25th and conclude on the evening of July 4th. This is the longest session the association has ever had, and promises to be among the most interesting meetings of its kind ever held in the south.

"The teachers of the state are enthusiastic in regard to the matter," said President Quinn. "The association seems to have taken on new life since the erection of its magnificent auditorium on Cumberland Island. Every day the mails bring inquiries and assurances of attendance from every section of the state. Never has the interest been at such a pitch regarding the meeting so long before it was to be held. This active interest felt throughout the state by the educators demonstrates the wisdom of the selection of Cumberland Island as the meeting point. There is, perhaps, no place on the coast of Georgia that has so many attractions as Cumberland. All those who attended last year were charmed with their trip, and have expressed their intention to be present at the coming meeting."

"For many reasons it is gratifying to see the interest manifested in the State Teachers' Association. It should become a potent factor in all educational matters, and will do so if the interest continues to grow as it has for the past eighteen months. The teachers have realized the power that goes with proper organization, and now the teaching force of the state, from the common school to the college and university, are beginning to look forward to the next meeting and making preparations to attend. The programme is one of unusual interest to all concerned in educational matters. The topics to be discussed are of great importance to the teachers of the state. Each day's programme will be live and snappy. The leading educators from all over the country will take prominent part in the exercises, and every day will prove entertaining and instructive to the members of the association."

All the hotel and railroad arrangements have been made. The railroads have given a rate of one-half fare for the round trip from all points in Georgia. Tickets will be placed on sale June 21st and will be good returning until July 31st. With this railroad rate and the reduced rate at the hotel it is confidently expected that there will not be an attendance less than 1,000 teachers this year.

A new musical feature will be introduced this year. Vocal and instrumental music will form a part of each day's programme. Through the generosity and enterprise of Messrs. Van Hoose and Pearce, of the Georgia Female Seminary and Conservatory of Music, the orchestra of that excellent institution will furnish music for the occasion. This is one of the best orchestras in the state, and is composed of twenty-five bright, beautiful and attractive young ladies. The orchestra will begin at once the preparation of an elaborate programme for the musical exercises, and a rich musical treat is assured.

The vocal music will be under the charge of Professor B. C. Davis, of Atlanta, who is now selecting and ordering music for the occasion, and will soon begin to send out sheets to those members of the association who have musical talent. As soon as the convention is opened Professor Davis will organize a grand chorus. The musical arrangement is a new departure in the history of the association and gives promise of adding much to the interest and pleasure of the occasion.

The Georgia Teachers' Association is fast growing into the ideal of establishing at Cumberland Island a permanent summer institute and it will not be surprising if, within the next year, arrangements for at least one month's institute and chautauque exercises will be made; and eventually the length of the annual sessions will be extended to two or three months.

The detailed programme for the meeting will be ready for the press in a few days, and as soon as printed, thousands will be distributed throughout the state. The amusement on the island will be fishing, boating, surf bathing and visiting the many places of historical interest.

The fishing is good at almost all times of the year on Cumberland Island, but it is exceptionally fine just at the season of the coming meeting. A reference also to the tide table shows that during almost the entire session of the association the water will be coming in at the proper time to furnish the best surf bathing. For the last five days there will be bright moonlight nights, which will add very materially to the pleasures of the surf.

Salt rheum with its intense itching, dry, hot skin, is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it purifies the blood. Beer is what you want. Beer will make you stout. Beer will make you happy. Especially the St. Louis A. B. C. Bohemian bottled and brewed by the American Brewing Co. Bailey & Carroll, wholesale dealers.

"Throw physics to the dogs" and use Angostura Bitters, for good digestion, and a healthy appetite. Sole manufacturers, Dr. J. B. Siegel & Sons. Ask your druggist.

To Cuba. The Florida Limited by Central railroad and Plant system, leaving Atlanta at 6:55 o'clock p. m. is the only train connecting with Plant steamer for Havana. Ship trains for Port Tampa leave Tampa May hotel 5:30 o'clock p. m. mar-1m

GRAND COMMANDERY, KNIGHTS Templars—Special Rates and Through Cars by Southern Railway. Very low rates will be made from points in Georgia on the Southern railway to Cuba and return, for the Grand Commandery, Knights Templars, April 17th-20th. Tickets will be sold at Atlanta, Fla., quick returning until April 23, 1895. Quick schedules and a comfortable trip by the Southern railway.

PERSONAL. The M. M. Mauck Co., wallpaper, paints, shades, glass, picture frames, Atlanta. C. J. Daniel, wall paper, window shades, furniture and room mouldings, 5 Martin street. Send for samples.

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You will ride a Bicycle

Of course you will ride. All the world will—fashion, pleasure, business, men, women, children. It takes a while sometimes for the world to recognize its privileges, but when it does it adapts itself promptly. Therefore, you who are in the world will ride a bicycle—a

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